BRITANNIA and EVE

FEBRUARY
1945

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
DAY RUSSELL
NEGLEY FARSON
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

built for Turkish Comfort

Why the Turk likes
turned-up toes
no one ever
really knows

built for Fashion Comfort

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to find the reason
why Norvic shoes
are top this season

NORVIC

OTHER ATTRACTIVE STYLES AVAILABLE ★ THE NORVIC SHOE CO. LTD., NORWICH

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 30, No. 2 FEBRUARY, 1945

Contents for February

THIS IS ENGLAND (2) Village Street with Butter Cross, at Dunster, Somerset

Cover Design

by *Nat Long*

Articles

The Job . . .
by *C. Patrick Thompson* 13 and 51

The Condition of England
by *Negley Farson* 14–15 and 51

Germany's Stronghold of Paganism
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 16 and 52

Nature Did It First
by *Frank W. Lane* 20 and 66

Old Tales Re-told :
The Astounding Masquerade of Princess Caraboo
Written and Illustrated
by *F. Matania, R.I.* 21–24

Time in a Wooden Case
by *M. Lovett Turner* 25 and 54

Unwelcome Interlopers
by *B. Melville Nicholas* 29 and 67

Answer to a Home Problem
by *Wilma Buckley* 42 and 67

Home Section

Country Merry-go-Round 33

Housing Programme
by *Winifred Lewis* 34–35

Health and Beauty
by *Chrysis*
The Pain in Your Back 36
How To Keep Your Contour 37
Coughs and Cures 37

Start With A Plan 38–39

Your Dog's Health 39

How to Mend a Fuse 40

On Duty—and Off 43 and 67

Knitting
U-Neck Pullover 44 and 66
Two-Colour Jacket 44 and 66

Dress
by *Jean Burnup* 45

Cookery
by *Harriet Muir*
Savories 46–47
Fish 47
Stale Bread 46–47

He's Never Like This At Home
by *Louisa Kay* 48

General

Books :
Reviewed by *Trevor Allen* 41 and 64

Stories

The Leaf Was Gold
by *Mary Just*
Illustrations
by *Albert Bailey* 9–12 and 56

Sparks Was A Lady
by *Day Russell*
Illustrations
by *Edward Osmond* 17–19 and 62

Glamour
by *Rose Marie Hodgson*
Illustrations
by *Jack Faulks* 26–28 and 58

Even Nelson Was Sea-Sick
by *E. E. Laing*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 30–32 and 68

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

Teach children
KERB DRILL

See that they always do it and set a good example by doing it yourself.

△

1. *At the Kerb* **HALT**
2. **EYES RIGHT**
3. **EYES LEFT**

then if the road is clear

4. **QUICK MARCH**

Don't rush
Cross in an orderly manner

5.

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STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century
STATE EXPRESS 555
have maintained their reputation as the finest cigarettes in the world

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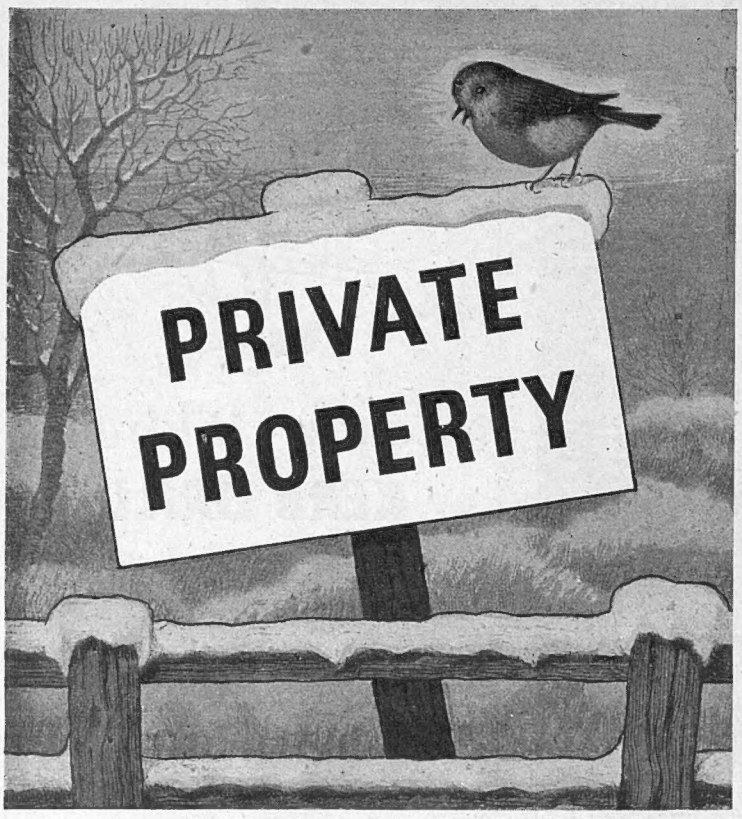

There is one item you need never declare on your Income-Tax Return . . . literally 'private property' all your own and entirely tax-free—namely, National Savings Certificates. In ten years a 15/- Savings Certificate grows in value to 20/6—a clear profit to you of 5/6 on each one you hold.

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In the year 1738 Frederick, Prince of Wales visited Bath and contributed the sum of £1,000 to the Bath Mineral Water Hospital founded by Dr. Oliver and Beau Nash.

'Excellent biscuits' . . .

SAID THE PRINCE

'Your Royal Highness's munificence' said Dr. Oliver, pocketing the Prince's cheque, 'cannot be exceeded save by'. . . 'the quality of your excellent biscuits,' interrupted the Prince.

Already famous among the fashionables of that day were these excellent biscuits invented by **Dr. Oliver.** After over two centuries their unique palatability and flavour remain unchanged. Wartime demands have made Bath Oliver Biscuits less plentiful, but they should be readily available again when the world returns to peace.

Fortts

BATH OLIVER

BISCUITS

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

THIS IS IDRIS SPEAKING, GIVING YOU THE NEWS . . .

SORRY . . .

UNTIL PEACE RETURNS THERE WILL BE NO MORE—

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THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

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THE COSIEST OF COATS

Don't forget this label — it stands for the cosy comfort of Motoluxe Coats. For warm and fashionable wear this winter, you'll find Motoluxe Coats are still obtainable, though they won't be plentiful till better times return. We're sorry we can't make any promises about Motoluxe Rugs just now, but—they are well worth waiting for.

Stocked by high-class shops throughout Great Britain. If any difficulty write to the manufacturers

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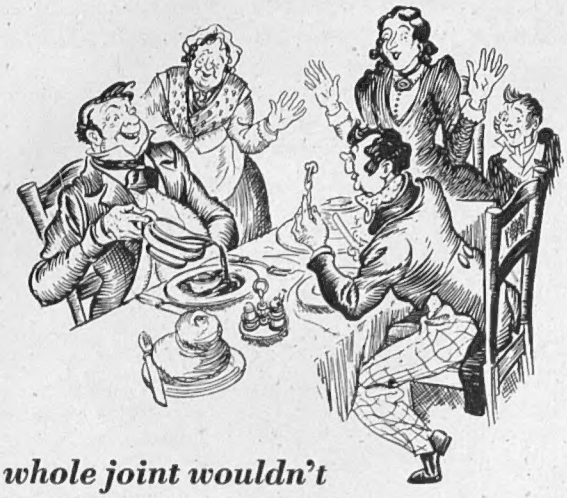


"A whole joint wouldn't yield the amount of gravy they expect each day at dinner"

"Martin Chuzzlewit" CHAS. DICKENS

What a pity there was no Bisto in those days to help them out. For Bisto makes lots of thick, rich appetising gravy.

ah! BISTO

MAKES DELICIOUS GRAVY

"I'm too fagged!"

Gardening's a regular fatigue job if you're not feeling fit. Makes you want to call a spade a spade! You know, an over-tired body is like a 'knocking' engine; it won't run smoothly unless it has the right fuel and enough of it. Ten to one what you need is more fats of the right kind.

It's not just a question of rations. Even before the war plenty of people were both well-fed and undernourished. And doctors nearly always advised them to take cod liver oil, because it is such a fine natural source of essential fats.

The richest, most dependable cod liver oil is SevenSeaS. It is a pure, sea-fresh oil, digestible and pleasant-tasting. A vitalizing *food*, very rich in vitamins A and D. You'll find a little taken every day at mealtimes will do you a power of good. And you'll be a lot less liable to catch cold.

SevenSeaS pure Cod Liver Oil from Chemists, in 3 forms. Standard Oil 2/6 and 4/6. Concentrated Oil 1/9. Concentrated Oil in Capsules from 1/9.

PURE SEVENSEAS COD LIVER OIL

Calling all mothers

The right food and good eating habits lay the foundation of health and happiness

THE CHIEF FACTS to remember in feeding children of any age are that, in proportion to their size, children need more of the body-building foods (milk, meat, fish, cheese and eggs, dried milk and dried eggs) than do adults: and to gain their fair chance in life children *must* have their full rations and allowances. So no giving part of their meat and cheese, for instance, to grown-ups, and no putting their priority milk into the family tea-cups!

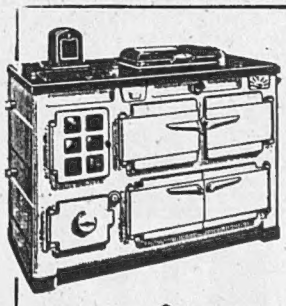
Use nearly all the Points coupons in the children's books for foods of body-building and protective value: tinned milk, meats, and fish, peas and beans, dried fruits (including prunes), etc. And—this is equally important — make sure the children have a good helping of green vegetables, either raw in salads or lightly cooked, every day.

FREE LEAFLETS. There is a series of leaflets — just published — which tell the "why's" and "how's" of planning meals for children from 1 to 17 years of age. The leaflets contain recipes as well as many useful hints. Why not send a postcard for those of interest to you? Please ask for "*How to plan meals for Children*," and be sure to give the ages of your children. Address: Ministry of Food (Dept. A), Food Advice Division, London, W.1.

An extra for young workers up to 21:

It is National Milk Cocoa: a grand food and a most delicious drink. Supplies are limited, so for the time being, at any rate, National Milk Cocoa is available only to young people up to 21 years of age, and at their place of work. If *your* young people are not getting National Milk Cocoa please urge them to ask about it. It is so important for them and so nice.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S113)



Perfect Cooking *plus* Constant Hot Water

Abundant hot water is as essential to domestic work and well-being as are ease and economy in cooking. This Esse Minor with Water Heater ensures *both*. For households of 6 to 10. Quickly cleaned, cool in action, and amazingly fuel-saving.

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THE ESSE COOKER CO.

Propr: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd. Estd. 1854

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LIVERPOOL · EDINBURGH · GLASGOW

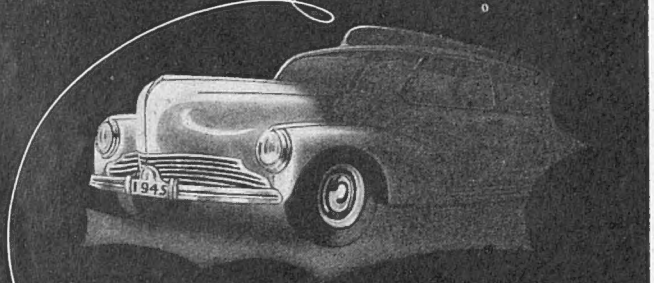
Look after your Cutlery made from Firth Stainless. Sharpen it occasionally on a steel or patent Sharpener.

FIRTH-VICKERS

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD SHEFFIELD

B38

As the shadows of war recede



—light will also be thrown on the Bluecol mystery. To-day its precious ingredients are a vital need of the Services, but we may reasonably hope for their release before very long.

In the meantime, we shall remain faithful to our decision, not to imperil the good name of Bluecol by offering a substitute to our friends in the motoring world.

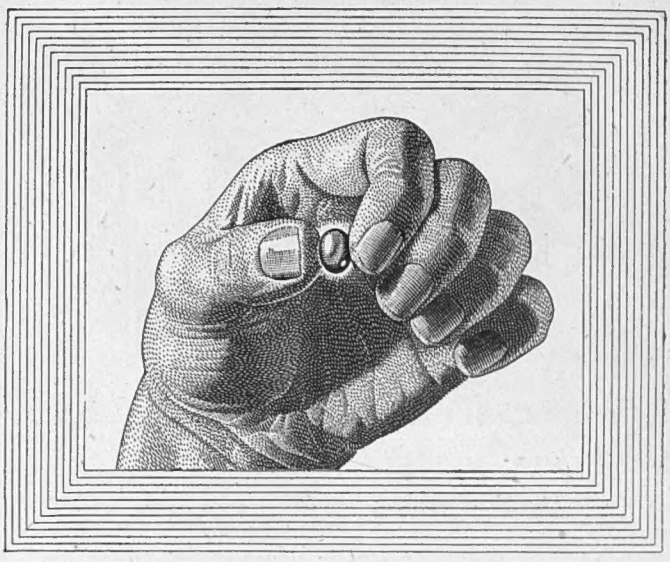
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

BLUECOL

THE *SAFE* ANTI-FREEZE

SMITHS MOTOR ACCESSORIES LTD · LONDON N·W·2

RATIONING MAKES EXTRA VITAMIN SUPPLY ESSENTIAL



THE BODY MUST HAVE enough vitamins A and D if it is to remain healthy. Before rationing most of us got sufficient of these in our ordinary meals, but wartime diets tend to reduce the vitamin value of our food.

A daily dose of Crookes' provides sufficient 'anti-infective' vitamin A to enable you to resist colds and influenza; it provides, too, the correct amount of 'sunshine' vitamin D to keep adults healthy and to allow children to grow up with strong bones and sound teeth.

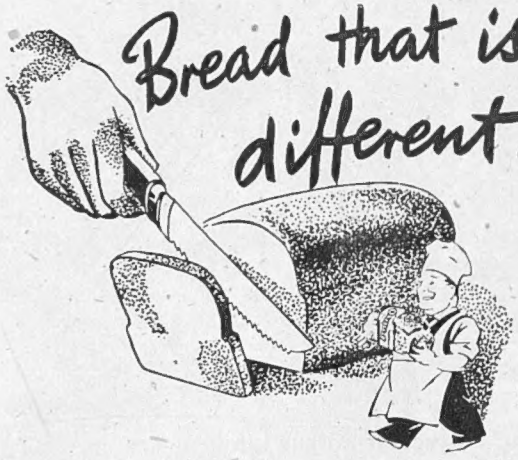
CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules—per bottle of 100—8/6 · Liquid—per phial—enough for 16 days 2/-

C5

Bread that is different...



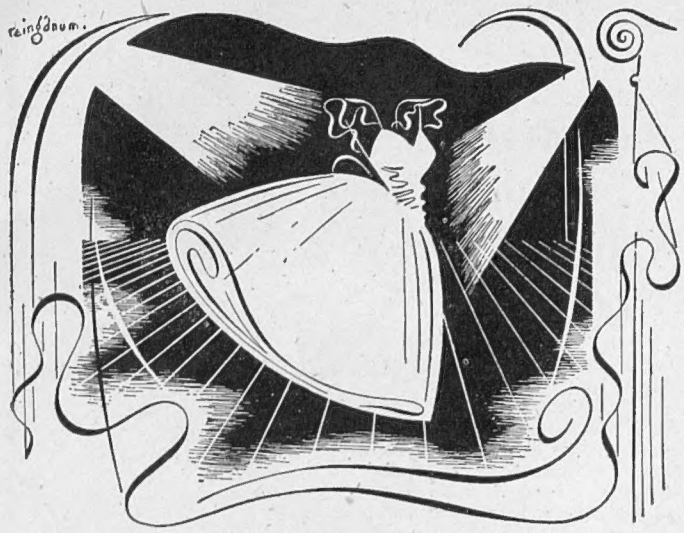
CUT yourself a slice of Procea—and you notice the difference between it and ordinary bread immediately. A slice of Procea Bread is richer in gluten—the meat of the wheat—fresher and more appetising than ordinary bread . . . And the taste is delicious because Procea is full of health-giving proteins without excess starch. And remember, Procea keeps fresh for days, and makes marvellous toast.

From your baker, or in case of difficulty, write to:—

PROCEA PRODUCTS LTD. Cambridge Works, London, W.7

¶ *Sandwich recipes will willingly be sent by our Cookery Adviser,* IRENE VEAL, M.C.A., *if you send us a stamped addressed envelope.*

Procea Bread

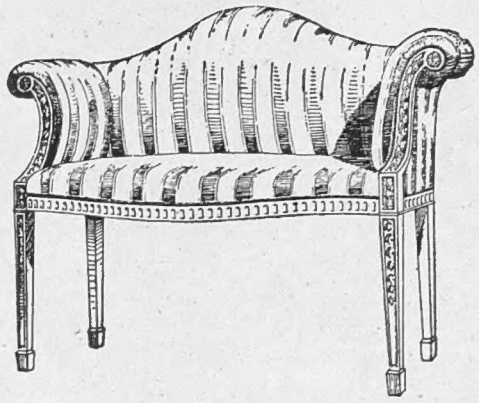


JUST as the great danseuse imparts to her plain white ballet frock an enchanting poetry of movement, so Marshall artists, soaring above Utility restrictions, express in Marshall Fabrics the gayest moods and music of colour. Look for these lovely dress and lingerie materials at your favourite store.

Marshall Fabrics

STYLE RIGHT—PRICE RIGHT

FASHION RAYONS, PRINTED, DYED AND WOVEN. DRESS, SUITING AND COATING WOOLLENS. WOVEN COTTONS

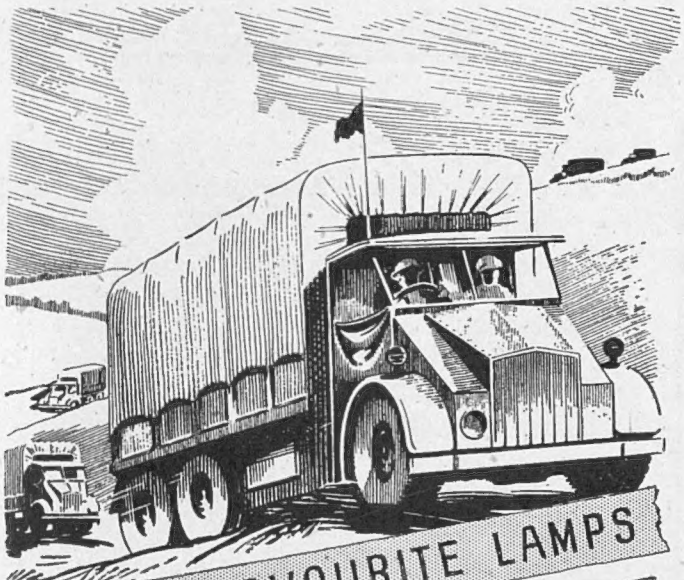


Under present conditions, there is much to recommend the purchase of sound antique furniture that possesses grace and character and is unlikely to depreciate in value.

The antique pieces exhibited in our showrooms are well worth the attention of those furnishing new homes.

HEAL'S

196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD · LONDON, W.1



YOUR FAVOURITE LAMPS ARE **OVER THERE** – HELPING TO BRING VICTORY

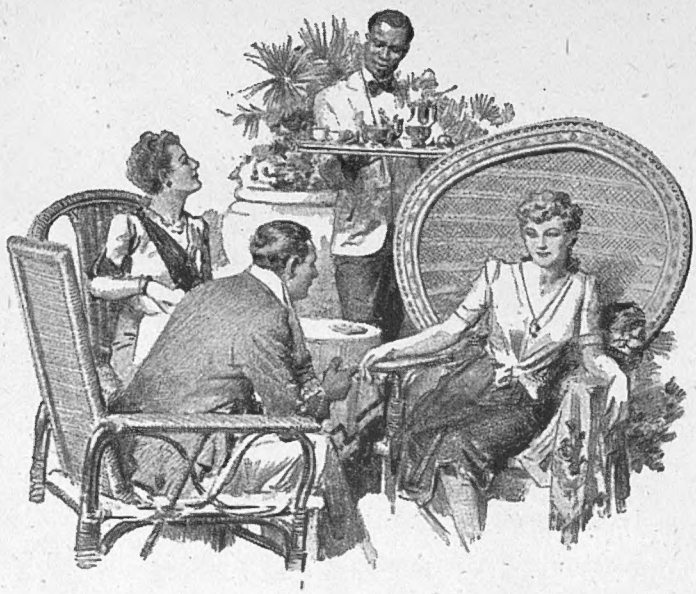
Osram

THE WONDERFUL LAMP

A G.E.C. PRODUCT

With Peace will arrive the superb Kayser-Bondor stockings in Silk and Nylon. Fine, flawless and, of course, full-fashioned.

KAYSER-BONDOR



Across far-off friendly lands, among peoples grown friendlier through unforgettable years of glorious comradeship, Minton China enjoys a welcome, wide and swiftly widening. After all, the charm and elegance and beauty of Minton speak irresistibly and universally wherever taste and culture and discrimination direct our habits, manners, ways of living and of life.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD. · STOKE-UPON-TRENT · EST. 1793

The WHYS and the WHEREFORES of WOOL

During the tender years, young bodies, with skins so sensitive, need that lovely softness of Pure Wool. It is Nature's choice and is essential for the protection and comfort of Babies and Children, having the power to retain heat and give adequate warmth without bulk. It never becomes clammy with perspiration. Freedom of movement too is needed for young limbs and these qualities are achieved in Chilprufe Pure Wool Underwear.

Not only is Chilprufe pure wool, it is selected Pure Wool and by the Special Process through which it passes, the finished garments are made easy to wash, unshrinkable and retain their shape.

The highest standard of workmanship which years of experience have given to Chilprufe Underwear make it the choice of wise mothers throughout the country.

At present made for Infants and Young Children only.

CHILPRUFE

IS PURE WOOL MADE PERFECT

CHILPRUFE LIMITED
Governing Director: JOHN A. BOLTON
LEICESTER

If you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, if you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

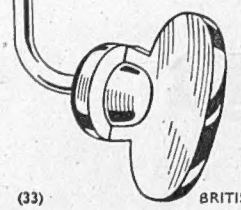
Mr. Therm requests the pleasure of your company at the

KITCHEN PLANNING EXHIBITION

at Dorland Hall, Lower Regent Street,

LONDON S.W.1

Feb. 6 to March 3, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.
(Thursdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.)



ADMISSION FREE

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"We have been

friends together

In sunshine and in rain"

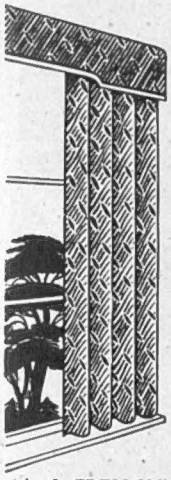
Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI
HUNTLEY & PALMERS
LIMITED

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

★ *Supplies of present Kinds available only in London, Southern, South-Western and South Wales Food Areas*

It's so easy to have Gay Curtains



★ A FRENCH'S PRODUCT

Yes, someone says, if you could get the curtains.

But there's another way — the make do and mend way. Take down the curtains and if they are fitted with "Rufflette" tape, it's only a matter of minutes to slip out the rings or hooks and have the curtains ready for washing. If the curtains are not fitted with "Rufflette," unpick the rings or hooks, wash the curtains and sew on "Rufflette" tape before hanging them again with "Rufflette" hooks or rings. One pull of the draw cords repleats the curtains in less time than it takes to read this sentence.

And "Rufflette" tape costs only a few pence per yard (no coupons) — not an extravagant price to pay for gay curtains, is it?

★ 'Rufflette' BRAND CURTAIN TAPE *(with woven pockets)* also HOOKS, RINGS & RAILS

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS LTD. *Factories:* MANCHESTER & WYTHENSHAWE
FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A. *London Office:* 156 Oxford St., W.1. *Also* British Empire Bldgs., N.Y.C.

Templeton's "AYR" WOOLS

AYR WOOLS

Supplies are still being delivered to regular stockists

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD.
Worsted Spinners • AYR • SCOTLAND

Model coat from the Harella Spring collection. At all good fashion stores. If in difficulty write to L. Harris Ltd. (wholesale only), 243 Regent St., London, W.1.

What does the crystal show? What will the future bring to a girl's post-war wardrobe? A cloud and flurry of frills — or lines that flow like gentle water? Youthlines don't care a bit. For post-war Youthlines will — very slickly, very smartly — emphasize youth. They'll emphasize the supple youngness that should underlie any and every fashion . . . and that very easily can, says **Youthline**

GIRDLES CORSELETTES BRAS BY W.B.

Gay Deceiver

Nobody knows that she has one pair of shoes for two kinds of occasions. But Moccasin Shoes are cleverly styled to be worn with either morning or afternoon clothes. Every pair of Moccasin Shoes thus does double duty. And is fashioned from good leather, with careful craftsmanship, to stand the extra wear of this coupon-saving notion. Supplies are limited—unfortunately—but it's worth searching for Moccasin to get this extra service!

MOCCASIN

Two purpose Shoes

PADMORE & BARNES LTD., NORTHAMPTON

REGD.

Skin Game

Now that only a proportion of the pre-war supply of well-known and trusted cosmetics, such as Pond's, can be made, you may have to fall back on unfamiliar creams in their place—a dangerous game for your skin, unless you select them with the greatest care. And needless to say, when luck comes your way and you do find some Pond's, use it as sparingly as you possibly can.

Pond's

Britannia and Eve
FEBRUARY 1945

"Your lawyer's in love with you, my dear," said the Brigadier one day, over coffee at Prunier's, where he had taken her for lunch

The Leaf Was Gold

A Romance of Autumn Love

By

Mary Just

"HEY-HEY," said the good-looking lawyer to himself, as Mrs. James Grierson was ushered in.

He was, at thirty-eight, still a bachelor, chiefly because he liked peace in his home, and like most men he knew what that word implies. It may mean many and various things, but there is just one thing that it doesn't mean, and that is—a woman. Unless, of course, you choose to marry your cook, and in such a case, why not just let her continue as your cook? You can then dismiss her if she doesn't suit you. We allude, of course, to pre- or post-war days.

Mrs. Grierson was everything that a youngish widow ought to be. She was slight and pale, and her eyes were a little shadowed. Her manner was perfect, but there was that about her which gives away the woman who has, all her life through, only to ask to have. Or perhaps it would be even more correct to say that such a woman does not need to ask. All things to come to her; she merely sits and smiles like the Mona Lisa.

She was not unlike that same lady, thought Cecil Baring as he rose and bowed with correct gravity of demeanour. Her hair was fair, with just a glint of harvest-red in it, her eyes were dark blue, her lashes long and brown, not black. There was nothing excessive about her at all; everything was subdued to the proper requirements of her widowhood and of good taste. She wore lipstick, but not too much of it, and it was so disposed as to appear almost natural. She looked about thirty-four, or even less, and her mourning was the ordinary black of the well-dressed woman about town—just a well-cut coat with a silver-fox collar, a small black hat, gloves which were undoubtedly pre-war, and made in Paris or Rome at that; and when she threw open her coat as she sat down, a neat little black crêpe frock was disclosed, covering a neat little figure. Her manner, as we have remarked before, was perfect: she did not affect excessive grief. Mr. Baring knew, through correspondence and telephone talks with her trustees, that the late James Grierson had died of drink, but he also knew that every one of that cheerful sinner's acquaintances had loved him, and it was more than probable that his wife had done the same. Yet there was about her a certain quiet acquiescence in the decree of Fate, as though she realised that her husband had been saved much that would have been increasingly painful. Instinctively, Cecil Baring found himself absorbing this point of view from her, rather than the one that it was she herself who had been spared. That, one felt, hadn't entered into her calculations.

"May I say how sorry I am, Mrs. Grierson?" he said reseating himself behind the broad desk.

"Thank you," she answered simply. No more. And without further embarrassing either of them, she proceeded straight to the business in hand.

It was about half an hour later that she refastened the coat with the silver-fox collar, and rose.

"You've been very kind. Then I take it I must come again to sign those things when they're ready?"

"If you please. Shall we say this time to-day week?"

IT surprised Cecil himself to discover how much he was thinking about her during that week. He had been in love several times, like most men, and again as with most men, there had been one particular inoculation, to which he still alluded briefly in moments of wine or melancholy, although it had long since lost its sting. But Mrs. Grierson had something that crept into the heart unawares. She was so quiet, so simple, that she had infiltrated before you had even considered strengthening your defences.

He was as surprised as he was amused at himself to discover how much he was looking forward to her next visit. This time she smiled at him, a little shyly, a little tentatively. His answering smile was a very nice one, she decided.

When the business part of the interview was over, sherry was produced, and it was discovered that they both liked Turkish cigarettes. The conversation turned on Spain (via the sherry), thence it meandered to France, which both knew well.

"I hope you saw your prototype in the Louvre before Hitler pouched it," said he.

"My prototype?" Faintly raised eyebrows above her neat little nose.

"La Gioconda. The Mona Lisa. Did no one ever tell you you were like her?"

She became reminiscently amused.

"When my husband wanted to have a real good old scene, and I wouldn't, he always said I 'pinned on the Mona Lisa,' and sat smiling instead of losing

my temper. Poor darling, he was Irish, and he just adored a row about nothing. I 'm Scotch, and I don't."

She didn't love a row. What a woman! Fancy a wife who just folded her hands and smiled when she was angry!

" Then your husband saw the likeness too? It 's very real, you know."

" If this were a hundred years ago, I should say—La, Sir, you flätter me."

" I 'm perfectly serious. What is it, Miss Parker? "

" Sir George has been waiting since twelve, Sir, and he says could you possibly see him soon, as he has an engagement at half-past? "

" Oh, yes, of course. Well, Mrs. Grierson, I 'm afraid I shall have to trouble you just once more—to sign your will."

" But the trouble is all on your side. I do nothing but sign my name and drink your sherry. You have been so very kind."

She spoke in that quiet, natural way he was beginning to find so curiously heady. She reminded him of a superlative hock—say, Liebfraumilch 19—of which you drink in placid enjoyment, only to discover later that you are gloriously and enthrallingly bemused.

" I wonder," he said, " if you would care to be kind to me? "

" I only wish I could do anything."

" Will you lunch with me, next time, after we 've finished our business? It won't take long, and we could walk along to the Savoy Grill."

" That 's a very pleasant form of kindness. Of course I 'd love to. I rather feel, you know, as if I 'd been shut up in the dark for a long time, and were just feeling my way out into the light again."

She spoke simply, like a child, and rather like a child she looked up at him, half-questioningly, as though enquiring whether she might possibly be saying the wrong thing.

" You must have been through hell! " he found himself saying. For the first time he saw a flush, like that on the inside of a sea-shell, creep over her pale cheeks.

" No," she said; " no. You mustn't say that. He was always good to me, *always*. It was the pain of seeing——" She broke off. " It was the kindest possible ending," she then said finally. Once more her very beautiful eyes were raised to his. " Do you know, I 've never discussed it with a living soul before, except his doctors? "

" I hope that perhaps that means you are going to think of me as a friend? "

" I do," she said, with clear decision. " And we won't ever speak of it again, if you don't mind."

" That," thought Cecil tingling, " disposes of James Grierson." And his handshake as he parted from her was long, and perhaps firmer than he realised.

THE luncheon at the Savoy Grill was so pleasant that it was repeated. They reached the point at which the sexes are discussed hypothetically. " Do you really think a woman——" " But would a man actually——" That sort of thing. It is the Gadarene slope.

She was by this time settled in a small flat on the Chelsea Embankment, overlooking the river and the grey loveliness of the bridges, and shortly after, with that perfection of touch which always characterised her, she asked him to come in for a cocktail, together with some of her other friends. He felt, with a thrill of pure pleasure, that if she had asked him alone, it would have been somehow crude, just now. Her friends were as delightful as herself—a couple of doctors (James Grierson had been a physician), two very agreeable women of about her own age and a lean, blue-eyed Brigadier in his fifties. It was presently suggested that the party should wander out in search of dinner together, and this they did. The conversation held itself on a level of interest and charm throughout. It occurred to Cecil for the first time that he would like to have Alyce Grierson at the head of his own dinner-table.

" Your lawyer 's in love with you, my dear," said the Brigadier one day, over coffee at Prunier's, where he had taken her for lunch.

" Don't be crude, Charles."

" I 'm not. I 'm just stating a fact."

" If I said that heaven lobster mayonnaise had made me feel faintly sick, I should be stating a fact, but I should also be crude."

" Let 's see if we can raise you a brandy."

" Darling Charles, you are so good to me. You always have been."

Charles Moore flushed a little, and looked away. It was an open secret in their circle that he had loved Alyce ever since she was eighteen years old. His passion—or should we perhaps describe it now with more truth as his affection?—had survived the passing of many years, about six refusals, her marriage and a few other disagreements of a minor sort.

" Alyce," he said now, " I wish you 'd marry me."

" I haven't been a widow four months, my dear. Again I must ask you not to be crude."

" I don't like the way that lawyer fellow looks at you."

" I rather do," said Mrs. Grierson reflectively.

" Are you going to marry him? "

" Why is it assumed that I 'm going to marry anyone? "

" Don't be ridiculous," said the Brigadier.

It seemed a sufficient answer, for she said no more. When she reached home, she sat down before her glass and studied herself thoughtfully and critically.

" No," she said finally. " You don't look it."

Whatever " it " might be, she left the matter there, and that evening saw a subtle change in the relationship of the good-looking lawyer and his client. They dined together, she in a simple little black chiffon frock of pre-war and expensive days, with her pearls round her neck, and her very pretty hair smoothly parted on one temple and gathered into a soft bunch of curls at the back. She was flushed, and rather

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

more animated than usual, perhaps because his eyes were saying so much. He was telling himself that she was the sweetest little thing in all the world, and that his comfortable bachelor existence might go hang, if he could only hold her in his arms and have her in his home and in his heart always.

Both knew, as they settled themselves in the taxi, that a crisis was upon them, and when he turned to her and took her into his arms in a hot silence, she let herself be drawn close to him in a sort of childish helplessness that inflamed his passion. He kissed her as he had kissed her in many a dream, and without let or hindrance on her part. Perhaps there was more of acquiescence than of response, but her long lashes lay on her cheeks and her lips were parted, in a kind of adorable submission. Not a word was spoken until the taxi stopped.

"May I come in?" he asked in a low voice.

"No, not—not to-night."

"But you understood me? Alyce, you will marry me, won't you—some time—a little later on?"

"But you understood me?" Cecil said. "Alyce, you will marry me, won't you—some time—a little later on?" She gazed up at him, wide-eyed and distressed

She gazed up at him, wide-eyed and distressed.

"I must think. You must let me think."

"I 'm not going to let you think for long. You wouldn't have let me kiss you like that unless you cared."

She smiled faintly, remotely, but there was hope for him in the smile.

"Thank you for loving me so much, anyhow. Good night."

He took her face in his two hands, regardless of the taxi-driver's tactfully averted head.

"You little thing! What a baby you look! Yet you can't be much younger than I am. I 'm thirty-eight. What are you?"

"Thirty-two," she said, with a sort of amused regret in her voice.

"You look about ten. Good night, my Mona Lisa."

MRS. GRIERSON slept uneasily, and woke early. At a reasonable hour she sat up in bed; her cheeks flushed, her hair tangled into curls, and reached for the telephone.

"Is it you, Charles?"

"Yes, my dear; you know I love you, but *must* you——"

"Oh, Charles, I don't know what to do. I suppose you couldn't come to breakfast with me?"

"No," said the Brigadier tersely. "I 'm in my bath. At least I was. I 'm still wet and very cold. What mess have you got yourself into now?"

"If you 're a beast to me, Charles, I shall cry. When can you come?"

"I 'll drift round about twelve, and we 'll have a drink and you can sob it all out. S'long."

"If I could only *mix* them," said Alyce Grierson to herself, returning the receiver to its perch.

Charles arrived at twelve punctually. He was always punctual. He was, in fact, everything that is implied in the words "a pukka sahib," and although it has become the fashion to put a mask and a carnival hat upon that gentleman, there are many less likeable things in the world, including, perhaps, the little folk of little soul who deride him.

"Well?" he said unemotionally.

"Will you have a gin and lime? It 's all I 've got, except beer."

"Beer, please," said Charles, who had a liver to which he practically alluded by its Christian name. "Now, then, let 's have it. I suppose I 've got to dig you out of some trouble, as usual?"

"How much do you love me, Charles?"

Charles had the somewhat unusual habit of thinking for a moment when asked a question, and then answering as truthfully as possible. He did this now.

"Enough to go through a good deal for you," he then said briefly.

"Enough to give me perfectly straight advice, even if it means doing yourself down?"

"I can't answer for that, but I 'll certainly try."

Alyce surveyed his long, lean figure, and long, lean face, with its woodenly set jaw, but her gaze ended in his deep-set blue eyes. These, however, became purposely blank as she looked wistfully at him. "Go ahead."

"I 'm in love, Charles. Damnably in love."

"The lawyer?" said Charles, without batting an eyelid. He had not won the little ribbon to the right of the long row on his uniform for nothing.

"Oh, Charles, it 's awful. I do love him so, and I *do* want to marry him."

"Well, I suppose you 'll have to wait a bit, but, after all——"

"He 's only thirty-eight."

A pause, during which Charles drank beer.

"Say something, Charles."

"My good girl, you know it all without my saying it."

"It 's worse than that. He asked how old I was, and I told him thirty-two."

Charles produced his pipe, held it up and mutely asked permission, then said in his terse, off-hand way:

"Why you women always imagine you can get away with that, I don't know. Oh, I quite admit you don't look a day more, but still"—he paused to puff, over his match—"there 's a bit more to it than that, when a fellow of thirty-eight thinks of marrying."

"That 's what 's so frightful."

"What answer have you given him? I take it he 's asked you?"

"Yes, last night. I said I must think. But he said I needn't think too long because he knew I loved him." Tears suddenly welled up into her eyes. "So I do."

"Indian summer," said Charles, still puffing.

"Charles, you swine."

"Well, my dear, you asked for my advice. I suppose it 's too simple for you—women have such complicated minds—but here it is. Just tell him the truth. If he still wants you, it 's love. If he doesn't, you 're well out of it."

Alyce sighed and dabbed at her eyes miserably.

(*Continued on p.* 56)

"Just tell him the truth. If he still wants you, it 's love. If he doesn't, you 're well out of it"

On left: Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles F. A. Portal. In 1914 he joined the Army as a motor-cycle dispatch rider. Transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, rose from observer to squadron-commander, applied for and was granted a permanent commission after the war, and is now head of the R.A.F.

The Rt. Hon. Ernest Bevin, M.P., Minister for Labour. Is of opinion that there will be more jobs than men to fill them after the war

The Job...

Will the Man Back From the Battlefield Want To Pick Up the Job He Left—Or Break Fresh Ground? War Has Taught Many To Do New Things in New Ways —It Has Brought Swift Advancement to the Bold and Enterprising—But Peace Offers Opportunity and Adventure, Too

By C. Patrick Thompson

SOON Mars will be letting them go—five million warriors, maybe ten million war workers; and they'll be coming back, a giant migratory wave, to the jobs of peace.

If the jobs are there . . .

Labour Minister Bevin says they will be. He can't see any unemployment for years. And no wonder. All around are wrecked cities, smashed ports, blasted houses. Our machines and rolling stock are worn out, and so are our clothes. The dammed-up demand for furniture, radio sets, motor-cars, pots and pans, all the necessities and luxuries of life, is so huge it terrifies inflation-conscious economists, who urge controls to stop post-war prices from rocketing through the roof.

Further, almost everything, excepting the latest war equipment and weapons, is obsolete. Our highway system, coal-mining technique, city lay-outs, public lighting, civil airports, most of our industrial machines, and some of our industrial methods.

Replacement and reconstruction alone make a broad picture of job gluts rather than job scarcity. And superimposed on that are the industrialists' visions and the scientists' dreams. The industrialists think of larger post-war markets, for motor-cars, radios, house equipment like washing machines and refrigerators, cosmetics, women's clothes, chemical products; most of this forecasted larger production necessitating factory extensions. The scientists predict or blue-print new industries arising on the foundation of new discovery and invention in the realms of plastics, synthetic fibres, electronics, molecule mixing. Transportation is due for a revolution.

Any way you look at it, the work is there. But if you look closer you may glimpse more than one gap between the work and the job—between the thing waiting to be done, and a returned warrior, in civilian clothes, earning a living doing it, maybe finding a career or a future in it.

It's not simply a question of a government through adroit policy, or the big stick, regaining war-lost export markets for cotton and linen goods, locomotives and machine-tools. Nor of industrialists, by wise management and energy, turning over swiftly from sword to ploughshare production. Nor of new plants full of weird apparatus to produce wool-like cloth from skim-milk, gossamer "silk" stockings from mineral instead of vegetable fibre, a bacteria-killing drug from the amber sweat of common mould. We are confronted by a large and mysterious human equation.

On left: Edward Molyneux. Was an officer in the last war and after demobilization took to fashion designing, founded his own business, which soon became one of the leading fashion houses

Many, probably most, of the men who went out to fight, look forward to returning to the jobs—or anyway the same sort of jobs—that they left behind when they put on uniform and proceeded to fit themselves for one of the 10,000 jobs which comprise the modern integrated war engine, with its complex, connected ground, sea and air branches. But in foxhole and at gun post, at torpedo tube and in bomber pilot's seat, there are men, tens of thousands of them, who have changed, and now have other plans, aspirations, dreams.

Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley. After the last war went into the greyhound racing business. Has now moved from "the dogs" to post-war civil aviation

There are even more who have acquired new skills, or new capacities, which fit them for a wider range of work, or a different kind of job to the one they had been doing for years and thought they would be doing till they retired or died. And there are some who have no plans, but are going to find things difficult when they get back to civil life, with its different, slower tempo.

A conversation with a couple of bankers made me aware of the latter aspect—one often over-looked (*Continued on page* 51)

The Condition Of England

THE future of every British man and woman who gets out of uniform after this war depends upon the condition of England. That, at first, seems so obvious that it seems hardly worth saying. But I am speaking of spiritual changes much more than of economic. These spiritual "new attitudes" which have been silently arrived at by the British during these long weary years of the world's worst war, will really determine your economic base in the long run. The attitude of the nation towards Beveridge is a vivid illustration of what I mean : the appearance of Beveridge, his first Report, his new book —saying that the nation must *budget for man* rather than for business—is a social landmark. An immense advance in civilized life.

Make no mistake about that : in the United States there are any number of old, out-of-date men to whom the name Beveridge spells the end of an era of unrestricted and unbridled licence in the ruthless making of money, and their using up of men as if they were merely ammunition to be shot and spent. They feel no moral obligation to look after the human refuse heap of giant American industry.

Now, except for one short trip to Scandinavia, and a not much longer trip into Russia—five months there in the winter of 1941-42—I have spent the whole of this war in England. During these last five years I have been writing articles about both England and my own country, the United States. And ever-present in my mind as I wrote each and every one of these articles, right from the very beginning, has been the question : Which country will *learn* the most from this war?

I have seen nothing like the spiritual change taking place in my own country that I have witnessed in Great Britain. This, to look at it scientifically, cannot be explained merely by saying that you have been longer in the war—or that America feels the war less because, geographically, New York and San Francisco are, physically, out of gunshot of war.

If New York had been bombed the way London has taken it, there is no question that Americans would have had a much more poignant knowledge of what the realities of war can be. But—and mark this—they probably would not have had much more knowledge of what the war was *about*—and, here comes the main point, would not have gained much more information about *themselves*.

Which is the point of this article. The British have taken this war to heart in a remarkable way—about themselves. This cannot be compared to the hazy ideas of "a world fit for heroes to live in" which so betrayed every one with false promise after the last war. After the last war, to give you an example, when the young sparrow-intellectuals came down from Oxford or Cambridge, and heard some desperate ex-officer bemoaning his fate in some Chelsea pub, saying how much he missed the comradeship of the trenches, etc., and that he'd "like to go out to Kenya, Canada, some place"—and feel that he was really living again—why, these sparrow-intellectuals laughed at him. Such desperate, disenchanted men—whom, only a year or so back, other men of Britain would have followed trustingly through hell and high water—they were derisively called "the hearties," now.

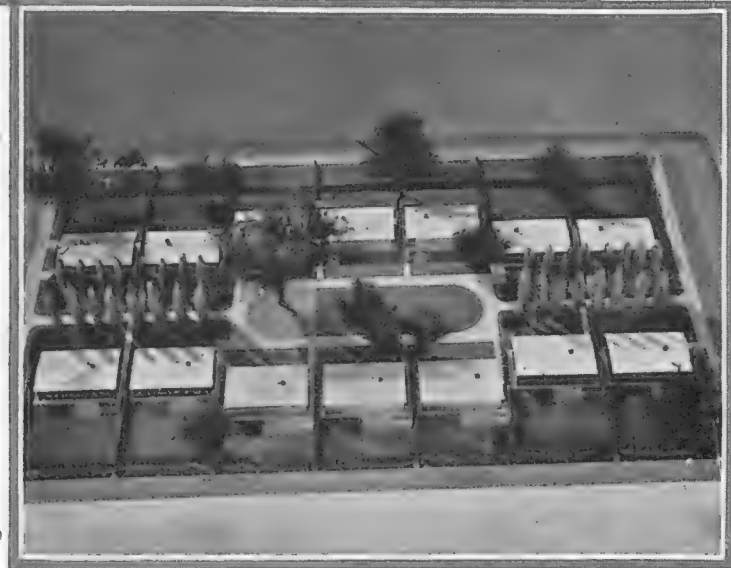
Well, I'll be willing to bet you will never hear that kind of jeering again in, at least, our lifetime. Too many people—who have been through the mill—have been wondering for too long why it is that the very virtues which make a man a good man in war, should be of no use to him in peace. What price courage and self-sacrifice against an unappeasable avarice (chief requisite for success in business); or greed, cunning, and just plain luck? "Oh, he was all right in the war, you

Will our cities of the future be planned on this pattern? A view of Aldwych and Kingsway

Negley Farson, distinguished Anglo-American Journalist, thinks that the Spiritual Advance which Britain has incontestably and so gloriously made in this War, will be her greatest power in guiding the Post-war World

know, but . . ." How many times that has been said about a private or a captain that his company once felt proud of, it is dismaying to contemplate.

Now I think a shift has come, in England, towards the realization that this *Unity*, which is the chief characteristic of this country in this war, must be continued. There won't be a Soldiers' Vote; but the House of Commons, if I interpret



A model showing the lay-out of a group of prefabricated houses. This is one of a series of lay-outs prepared by the Research Division of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, and applicable to all emergency factory-made houses approved by the Government

English politics correctly, will be thinking primarily about the returned man and woman from now on. It won't be the business interests which will dominate its mentality. And this, of course, could be completely guaranteed if every returning English man and woman took an absolutely brutal interest in the character of the person who is up for Parliament from his district. A cross-section of the minds (and morals) of the 615 Members of Parliament now, is a shocking sight.

There is one immense contrast between the chances of the returning Englishmen compared with the returning American. *Your roots go down deeper than ours.* Every county has farm lads who have gone to war from villages where their families have been planted for years. In the towns and cities, to an amazing extent, the soldiers who come from there, also have come from deeply-rooted communities *in* the town. Therefore, your boys return to something that has its roots firmly in the ground, and is *established.* You come back to a familiar starting point, anyway.

American soldiers who have fought their hearts out in this war (and no one can say that they haven't fought!) will return to a shifting world where they will find it almost impossible to put their feet down again. And too many home fights will be on!

With our out-of-date obsession about the "frontier spirit" (the frontier mentality should have been stopped by law in 1893, when American farmers from the Middle West began to retire in cottages on the coast of California), we still think in *terms of always moving.* Abetting this crazy idea is the American history of all the immigrants: they must begin small, when they land in New York from Europe—then step by step they "climb up the ladder." They mark these steps, so that not only other people but they themselves shall daily be aware of it, by moving to a better, bigger, more expensive house. It would shock England if some American sent over the statistics of the number of different homes the average American lives in during his normal life. It would shock many Americans, too.

The result of this constant shifting, this eternal letting go of one place and taking hold of another, has resulted in a large *shifting surface* in the movements of the 120,000,000 human beings who live on that geographical (*Continued on page* 51)

A world fit for heroes to live in: a slogan which so betrayed every one with false promise after the last war. The three pictures on left show some of the houses they came back to

Wrecked homes of the people of London. If New York had been bombed the way London has taken it, there is no question that Americans would have had a much more poignant knowledge of what the realities of war can be

A cleared-up bombed site in the City of London. A view taken from St. Paul's Cathedral

Germany's Stronghold Of Paganism

In the Brocken Country of the Harz Mountains

By Ferdinand Tuohy

IT is eleven at night, April 30th, 1937, and the scene is the huge granite-strewn dome of the Brocken, the highest point of Northern Germany. Ever since evening Nazi enthusiasts, for the most part Hitler Youth and Maidens, have been arriving from the valleys three thousand feet below. At health's height, most of them disdained the cable railway.

On a clear day one can see great distances from this crown of the Harz Mountains. But it seldom is clear on Dr. Faust's summit, usually a cold mist even in summer, and this Walpurgis Night, this spring equinox of May 1st, it is fresher and foggier than wonted. And darker. For the moon is down and only hand-torches may as yet supplement the light coming from hotel buildings. No bonfires, because what we are about to witness hinges on fire.

Out of the darkness songs from the inexhaustible Nazi repertoire have been so constant that one hardly heeds when a new one is struck up—nearly always in marching cadence with a note of violence.

(On right) A magic experiment on the Brocken. To prove that the black arts, as expounded in a magic book, do not exist, an expedition led by Mr. Harry Price, of the National Laboratory of Physical Research, made an experiment on the Brocken during the night of June 18th, 1932—trying to change a he-goat into a youth. Miss Urta Gordon-Bohn, clad in a flowing white robe, said the formula which was supposed to have the altering effect on the young goat. Mr. Harry Price and Miss Urta Gordon-Bohn and the goat, inside the magic circle during the ceremony

As midnight approaches, the accordions die down and there's a suppressed excitement as Party members in uniform marshal us in a circle whose size is revealed—perhaps fifty yards across—as the first oil torches flare yellowly through the mist. Out in the centre one discerns the officiating priests of Nazidom's neo-pagan ritual known to all present by the letters D.G. standing for *Deutsche Glaubenbewegung* or "German Faith Movement."

A band amid the boulders, beside the officiants, starts up the festival with the Horst Wessel song, in which the whole concourse joins.

The Harz was the last stronghold of Paganism in Germany and now at the height of the twentieth century we are to reach back to the Teutonic myths of the Dark Ages. Back to one-eyed Odin or Wotan, the all-creator, to Freya, his deified housewife and patroness of marriage, and to their offspring, Thor, the god of thunder, and Loki, the protean, malevolent one. 'Tis well that I'm with a Cologne friend who tells me what's what. He began telling it in the *Miteuropa* dining-car before we got out at Brunswick.

The granite-strewn dome of the Brocken, the highest point of Northern Germany, athwart the way from the Rhine to Berlin (On left) The snow has created a weird effect in this view of the famous Brocken Tower

D.G. was brought up to date mainly by one Hauer and Frau Mathilde von Ludendorff, and if the Fuehrer officially stood clear so as not to compromise his dealings with the Churches, Himmler, Hess, Rosenberg and Ley were among the more ostentatious supporters of the resurrected cult. Hess had been married according to neo-pagan rites, whose central theme was blood and blood again, German blood, the Nazis' conception of the Life-Force. Blood and race were the sources of every other value. The voice of the blood told them so, and the blood was to them not only the will of God but the dwelling-place of God in the world.

The blood in each race moulded the soul, the character and the nature of man and Nordic man had his own idea of his relations with God. He denied the dualism of body and soul, and of God and the world, maintaining that the body was the medium of expression of the soul, that God's concrete presence attained its consciousness in man, and, therefore, that man was his own redeemer.

"God doesn't dwell in a church," says a passage in *German God-Belief*, "but in the hearts of the people, in their blood, whence He illumines everything in the world. The soul is merely a natural product of the vitality of the Universe. A member of the German Faith is not the servant of God, but is the master of the divine in himself."

The German Faith adumbrated a never-ending rhythmic development to the eternal cycle of birth and death in which man came to life again in becoming merged with the rhythm of the life of the Universe. It followed that all believers were without hope for a future life. To-night's ritual would glorify the life being perpetually renewed by successive generations and would evoke a sense of intimate solidarity of feeling on the part of each celebrant towards nature's fertility, towards all in whom the same blood coursed, and towards all the German generations which, linked together, emphasized the glory of German (*Continued on page* 52)

Sparks was a Lady

A Romance of the Merchant Navy

By Day Russell

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

NOBODY was happy about the radio officer of the S.S. *Beaver Lake*, not even the radio officer herself, although by nature she was of a singularly pleasant character and began her first voyage with something of the zest of a child going on a picnic.

But voyages in wartime are not picnics even though submarines are not the menace they were. The oldtimers contended that the place of a woman was on shore and that there were enough Jonahs at sea as it was. They also pointed out that there was no Jonah so potent a source of misfortune as a woman on a freighter, particularly a young one who filled a uniform well and in a way that subtly hinted she could look even better in a dress that would not subdue her curves so much as a double-breasted jacket. That was not all that was dangerous either. She tucked her trouser legs into a pair of naval half-wellingtons lined with lambs' wool and she set a uniform cap back on her head so that the sandy red hair blossomed out all around it in a definitely rakish manner. Added to that, she had a sort of happy face with clear, grey eyes and plumpish cheeks that took the wind and the weather well.

THE radio operator leaning idly over the bridge rail watching the paint chippers, unaware that she was as distracting a picture as ever the devil invented to upset men

She was definitely something to brighten the atmosphere of any ship but she was obviously not destined to ease the job of a first mate whose responsibility it was to maintain the discipline and working efficiency of a young and not very experienced crew.

The matter simmered to near boiling point when she joined the brand new ship at Montreal, but it did not actually boil over like a pan of milk on a hot stove until the *Beaver Lake* lay off an invasion beachhead.

Mister Brady, known by that handle to all except his closest friends, was the first mate, and he unburdened his mind to Angus Macfarlane, the chief engineer.

Mister Brady followed the sea because, among other reasons, the land was too cluttered up with women. He had a lean-jawed face with deep cheek lines and with brown eyes that could harden like a rock. He had the hard lankiness that goes with such faces and he wore his peaked cap with an air that told any crew at first sight he would stand no nonsense.

"It's a bad job," he said grimly.

Old Angus, the Chief, cocked an eye under his bushy white eyebrows. "Maybe it's no' so easy for a young man but I'm partial to a bonny lass . . . on shore, of course."

"The old man's getting soft."

"He's gettin' no younger and maybe——"

The first mate interrupted him. "If I'd known in time I'd have quit before we sailed."

Old Angus was soothing. "He didna tell ye?"

"He did not."

"But ye knew he had a daughter?"

"We brought her over three years ago in the old *Camberton*."

The Chief nodded. "I remember well. A wee bit o' a kid in pigtails. After that Glasgow blitz. She was the only thing he had left in the wurrld and he wanted her safe awa'."

Mister Brady gave a sort of grunt. "Does he figure it's safe bringing her on this kind of trip?"

Old Angus chuckled. "Ye thick-headed fool. Wi' that figure and that face she's a sight safer under his nose than any ither place, bombs and submarines notwithstanding."

The first mate stood up. "It's fine for you in your engine room with a gang of

Lascars as black as your own coal, but with a deck crew with no more than a couple of real seamen among the lot, I've got enough trouble without asking for more."

And sure enough when he came out on deck to check the men chipping paint under the bridge behind number two hatch he saw them unnecessarily close together and looking up at the bridge rail where the radio operator leaned over idly watching them, unaware that she was as distracting a picture as ever the devil invented to upset men.

"Get the hell out of there!" shouted the mate. He turned and blistered the paint-chipping crew with his tongue. Then he went up to the bridge. The second mate, young, alert, was up there with the St. Lawrence pilot, a stolid French-Canadian.

The second mate flushed as he caught the cold, hard eye of Mister Brady. "Was the radio officer up here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any reason?"

"Er—no, sir. She's the captain's daughter . . . I thought——"

The hard rock-cold eyes of Mister Brady frosted the words in his throat. Mister Brady let the chill creep into the second's bones before he spoke. "It's our misfortune," he said slowly, "that, due to the exigencies of war, we have a woman radio officer. It's another misfortune, Mister Morris, that that woman happens to be the captain's daughter. But ye'll get this straight, aboard this ship she's the radio officer and she has her own quarters and her own duties, and you have your own duties too, one of which will be to see that this bridge is kept uncluttered by any except those who have a right to be here."

WITH this long speech off his chest, Mister Brady turned to the captain's cabin. He was experienced enough with trouble to know that aboard ship you had to meet it while it was still a breeze and before it had a chance to blow into a gale.

He knocked at the door. "Can I come in, sir?"

The captain looked up from a mess of papers. "Come in, John." His eyes twinkled under bushy grey brows. His head was pink and polished with no more than a fringe of white hair around the back and sides. "Any trouble?"

"Not exactly, sir. Just a few things I'd like to get straight before we get out of soundings."

Inside the captain's cabin, the first mate seemed to undergo a change from the hard-bitten Mister Brady to a young man whom the Old Man had nursed up from an apprentice and regarded with almost the affection of a father for a son. "What is it?"

"This girl of yours, sir."

The Old Man shrugged. He knew well enough what was in the mate's mind. "She's having her meals with me in my cabin. Isn't that enough?"

"The second mate's no more than a boy. Half the crew are boys . . ."

"That's the trouble, eh?"

"We're one day out of Montreal and . . ."

The captain waved his hand to silence him. "And boys will be boys." He leaned forward. "I can't help it, John. I had the choice between a consumptive-looking fool and the best pupil in the radio school, so I took her." He smiled. "Besides, John, I'm getting to be an old man. I need someone to look after me. We all do some time or other and don't forget that, my boy." He was watching the mate's face with an inner amusement. "It's up to you, Mister Mate. I hold you responsible for the discipline of the ship and I'm sorry if I've complicated your problem. But I'm sure you can handle it and you've got a free hand. She's my daughter in this cabin; out of it she's the radio officer. I hear she's already called Sparks."

When he stood outside the captain's cabin again, the first mate became Mister Brady again and he cursed under his breath. He went down the companionway towards the radio officer's cabin. The low throbbing of the engines was a pleasant sound, the sun was warm, and the river under the clear blue sky was oily smooth with the bow waves cutting lazily away from the ship in long patterns on the mirror-like surface. He had a hard time holding on to his bad temper. It was no easier when he looked in through the open door of the radio officer's quarters.

A cheerful voice greeted him. "Hullo!"

"I want to speak to you," he said.

There was a laugh. "I hope you aren't going to speak to me like you shouted at the men just now."

"That was you I was shouting at." He saw the spray of freckles across her nose and the fresh colour of her cheeks. He felt like a parent who had to spank a child who didn't know what it had done wrong.

"Me?" There was a note of shock in the voice.

"Yes, you. You'll oblige me by keeping out of sight when the men are chipping paint. It's hard enough to get any work out of them without a girl distracting them."

"Oh!" He did not notice the change of expression on her face.

"And if your father gives you permission to be on the bridge while he's there, that's his affair. Apart from that you keep off it and you'll keep to your own quarters and your own duties."

He turned abruptly and went away. As soon as he was out of sight he wiped beads of perspiration from his brow and cursed to himself again.

Mister Brady didn't like it. It became evident long before they dropped the pilot off at Father Point that there was an explosive cargo aboard above as well as below the hatches. He confided once more in old Angus, the chief engineer.

"The sea is a hard life," said Mister Brady. "And for a hard life you need hard ways."

"Och," said old Angus. "She's a grand lass. Why, when she comes down to the engine room wi' that smile on her face . . ."

"Has she got any business in the engine room?"

"None whatever, but if ye wull no' let the poor lass up on the bridge, there's nowhere else she can go. And we're all married below anyway. Ye canna be too hard on the lass."

"No?" said Mister Brady sarcastically. "Have you seen the way the second is off his food lately?"

"Aye, he's in love, puir lad, and no mistake."

Old Angus shook his head. Mister Brady, he knew, had his troubles, and he saw the lean face grow leaner and the tongue grow sharper as the days went on. He'd grown so he'd hardly exchange a civil word with the radio officer. And old Angus, who had had no daughter himself, did his best to smooth the situation.

"There's no doot aboot it," said he one evening. "She's a bonny lass."

Mister Brady was sunk in gloom.

"And nobody," added the chief engineer, "can say she's been a Jonah. Not so much as a whisper of any submarines and we've had a following wind all the way across the Atlantic without so much as a breath of bad weather."

Mister Brady lifted a tired pair of eyes. "I've had more trouble this trip than any half-dozen when the submarines were doing their worst."

Old Angus shook his head. "I canna say but what I'm inclined to agree with these Russians . . . a few women aboard . . ."

"To hell with women," said Mister Brady.

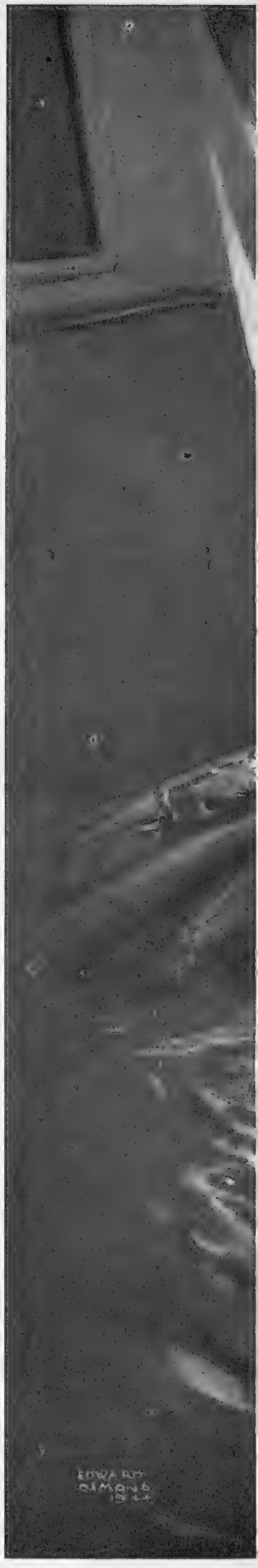
"To my mind," said old Angus, "if ye'd take things easier and not fight them . . ."

"I'm fighting nothing," said Mister Brady.

"Ye are and ye know it."

"If I'm fighting, it's fighting the effect of a girl on a half-baked second mate and that mob of boys they pass off on us as seamen and guncrews."

"Ye're no' fighting anything o' the sort." Old Angus watched Mister Brady's face. "If I'm no' mistaken, what ye're fightin' agin'



THE mate picked her up in his arms and ran to the boat

your own better feelings."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning ye're no' above being upset by a wee bit o' girl yoursel'."

Mister Brady slapped on his uniform cap and slammed the door behind him as he went out. He nearly bumped into Sparks, who was on her way to give the chief engineer a résumé of the latest news, but he stalked past her without so much as a glance.

A moment later she was with old Angus.

"Sourpuss was in here, wasn't he?"

"Och, now, Sparks lass, don't be calling him Sourpuss."

"Everybody else does."

Angus Macfarlane shook his head. "Ye're all wrong aboot the man. It's no' an easy job o' his wi' these wartime crews. He's a grand man and if ye ever see him in a tight spot ye'd know it."

"Thank you, I know enough already."

"Ye wouldna prefer a man that goes like a bit o' soft clay the moment he looks at your eyes like the second mate?"

"He's a nice boy."

"Aye, but he's no' got a shipload o' men to handle wi' your own father that would blast the head off him the moment he took his mind off his job."

"Mister Brady's still got no reason to go about with a face set like a slab of concrete."

Old Angus shook his head. "Maybe ye dinna ken men the way I do, Sparks lass. There's some that has to make hell for themselves to keep their softer feelings from taking the starch out of them."

The Chief took up his pipe and began to fill it. He looked over it at Sparks. "Ye're a woman. Figure it oot for yoursel'." He lit his pipe. "Look in a mirror some time and then ye'll ken why the man has a peck of trouble."

Sparks rose with a new light in her eyes. "You think he likes me?"

"I'm certain of it."

"Good," said Sparks.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to make him pay for trying to make me feel guilty for doing an important war job."

"Sparks lass," pleaded the Chief. "Lay off the man . . ."

But Sparks was the radio officer again. She stood up, straightened her double-breasted jacket, set her cap on the back of her head and went out.

On the bridge Mister Brady was on watch staring ahead through the hard moonlight at the silhouette of the ship ahead. A sharp breeze was whining through the stays and (*Continued on page* 62)

A pile of steel helmets? No, just a group of morels, an edible fungus

Nature Did It First

Some Interesting Parallels To the Inventions of Man

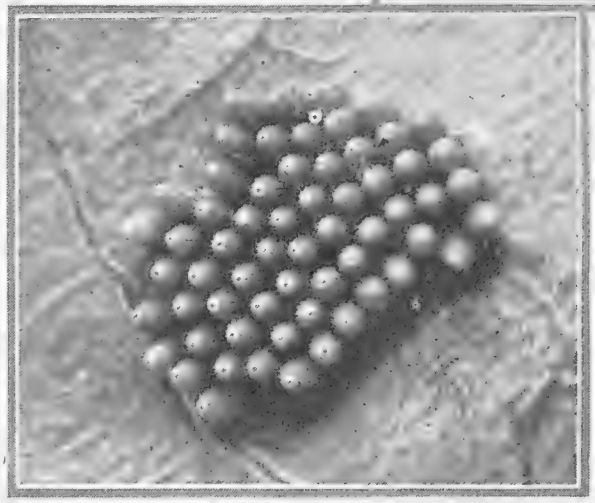
By Frank W. Lane

THERE'S scarcely an invention of peace or war which is not paralleled somewhere or other in the world of Nature. Man has undoubtedly the most inventive mind on earth, yet, as I hope to show in this article, his most brilliant "discoveries" are little more than improvements for his own use of ideas which are already in existence.

Rockets and flying bombs, surely there are no parallels to these in Nature? The idea for these could have been gained by a study of how various plants disperse their seeds.

There is a gourd-like plant called the "squirting cucumber," which shoots out its seeds when they are ripe by the use of vegetable H.E. This propellent is compressed liquid held in a bomb-shaped container. Pressure grows within the cucumber as the seeds ripen, but when they are ready the stem is blown out and the seeds are projected with explosive force.

Other seeds are shot from their "launching platforms" by the catapult principle. Other seeds are sent flying with a loud pop—one more parallel to the V weapons. To complete the similarity, some plants are aimed at the best angle and direction for a long and uninterrupted flight of the seed "bomb."



A bunch of hand grenades? No, just a cluster of butterfly's eggs

Let us look at a few other weapons used in this war and their counterparts in Nature. The idea for bombing planes could have been derived from some species of eagles which carry tortoises aloft and then drop them from a height to break their shells. Several birds, for example, the peregrine falcon, act as dive bombers by coming down in a straight dive on to their prey. Various thick-shelled animals may be regarded as Nature's version of the tank.

Various creatures shoot their prey. The angler-fish of Malaysia "fires" at flies with pellets or jets of water. In the mouth of the fish there is a deep groove, and when the fish's tongue is placed against the roof of its mouth this groove is converted into a "blow-pipe" through which the water bullets are fired.

Still more like human warfare are the weapons of the bombardier beetles. These tiny creatures squirt at intruders a reddish acid fluid which explodes with a pop. As the shot comes into contact with the air it dissolves into a cloud of bluish smoke which, hovering like a gas barrage, covers the beetles' retreat. The gas has irritant properties and generally succeeds in putting the enemy to flight.

But Nature's parallels to man's inventions are by no means confined to the times of war. Few of the amenities of civilized living are without their counterpart, in one form or another, in either the animal

The natives of the Admiralty Islands, in the South Seas, grind off the outer whorls of the shell of the screw-snail and use the twisted worm as an auger

or the illimitable vegetable kingdoms.

Long before Marconi ever thought of wireless telegraphy various insects had been communicating among themselves by some form of animal "wireless." The sensitive antennae of some insects can pick up messages transmitted by their fellows from tremendous distances. L. Hugh Newman, the butterfly and moth expert, says male moths have picked up the "call sign" of a female moth from a distance of over a mile! The sign consists of a very powerful scent, but even when it is imperceptible to the human nose moths can still respond to it from afar.

One of the greatest amenities of modern houses is central heating. By some process still imperfectly understood those wonderful little creatures, the termites (also incorrectly called "white ants"), equip their skyscraper termitaries with this aid to good living.

The home of the termites may be twenty feet high, with walls two feet thick at the base, and a maximum diameter of twelve feet. As the largest size of termite known is only a little over an inch in length, such a building may truly be called a skyscraper.

An interesting story is told about the building of the Crystal Palace, one of London's pre-war skyscrapers. When preparations were being made for the famous London Exhibition of 1851, a vast building was envisaged but, unfortunately, no architect was able to supply a plan to which there was not some objection.

One day a gardener produced a rough plan of a building on a totally new principle. He had studied (*Continued on page* 66)

Assisted by the landlady of the inn, she undressed, donned night attire, and then knelt down in the middle of the room to say her prayers

Old Tales Re-told

The Astounding Masquerade of Princess Caraboo, a Servant-Girl who Hoaxed the Fashionable Throng of Bath

Written and Illustrated by **F. Matania, R.I.**

WHEN Fate is in humorous mood it plays strange tricks that can turn true episodes of everyday life into farcical comedy. There is one such instance in which the characters, the scene and the plot suggest the inventive genius of Molière or Goldoni. It is the story of the so-called Princess Caraboo. I feel convinced that when the reader has reached the final paragraph he will agree that it contains every theatrical ingredient. The natural sequence and development of the facts could not provide a better plot for the stage. The details could not be more amusing nor the unexpected ending more effective as a final "curtain."

The tale begins in a little Gloucestershire village called Almondsbury, about ten miles from Bath.

On April 3, 1817, towards evening, when the roads were almost deserted and the only signs of life came from the inn parlour, a certain young woman knocked at the door of a cottage in the village street. The occupant opened the door and asked her who she was and what brought her there. She replied in a strange, foreign tongue, accompanying her torrent of words with descriptive gestures so as to make it clear that she required hospitality for the night.

Had she spoken in English, her request would not have seemed unusual; but the unknown language, coupled with the strange details of her attire, puzzled the cottagers so much

The Princess now wore, in addition to the feathers on her head and the sword and knives at her side, a gong which she had slung across her shoulder on a strap, and on which she beat a continuous and sinister tattoo

that they decided to take the problem to the old County Magistrate, Mr. Worrall, who was renowned for his wisdom and kindness towards the village folk. For some reason, the stranger, who appeared to understand no English, showed a marked reluctance to confront him; and it was only when forceful gestures were joined to verbal persuasion that she consented to go.

Beauty and youth are powerful recommendations to sympathy, even to a provincial magistrate, and when the stranger entered Mr. Worrall's house and removed the shawl from her striking head, the Solomon of Almondsbury showed a benignant readiness to do everything he could to assist her. Mrs. Worrall was also present, and having scanned the visitor from head to foot, she joined forces with her husband in trying to unravel the mystery.

Attentively the old couple listened to a flow of unintelligible speech, hoping to catch a word which might give them a clue to the young woman's nationality or origin; but in vain. She had no documents in her possession, either. She was dressed in a black gown which reached to her feet, and in strange-looking shoes which had an Oriental appearance.

Discouraged at last, Mr. and Mrs. Worrall decided to give up their quest for that evening, and sent their maid and footman to accompany the stranger to the village inn and order a room and a good meal for her.

She ate the meal in a decorous and civilised way, but when shown the bed she made signs of refusal and pointed to the floor as if to explain that she was used to sleeping there. The landlady tried to point out that it would be stupid to lie on the bare floor when there was a comfortable bed at hand, and to back up her argument by practical demonstration, she told her young daughter to undress and show the visitor how to go to bed.

After that, their eccentric guest offered no further opposition. Assisted by the

landlady, she undressed, donned night attire, and then knelt down in the middle of the room to say her prayers. This ritual consisted of much bowing to the floor and throwing up of her arms to the ceiling. When it was finished she went peaceably to bed.

Meanwhile, the clergyman of the parish had been informed, and in the morning he went to the inn armed with a collection of prints of Eastern scenes, temples, mosques and minarets, together with some pictures of sailing-ships. He showed these to the girl in the hope of getting her to recognise something familiar to her which would throw light on the problem; but the only things that interested her were some Chinese pictures and the sailing-ships.

Mr. Worrall, baffled but still intrigued, decided to take the girl into his home so as to keep her under his wife's attentive eye. Having installed her in the house, Mrs. Worrall made another experiment in the form of a heart-to-heart talk, promising her guest help, clothes and work. Otherwise, she said, her husband the magistrate would have to arrest her as a vagrant and vagabond and put her in the lock-up. All the time she was talking, Mrs. Worrall studied the girl's face, but could see nothing in it beyond an attentive and smiling serenity. At last Mrs. Worrall began to beat upon her breast and shout "Worrall! Worrall!", hoping to induce the girl to do the same. This she did, and eventually pronounced her own name, which sounded like "Caraboo! Caraboo!" After this the interview reached a deadlock.

A few days later Caraboo was sent to a home for the destitute at Bristol.

BY this time she had become an object of widespread curiosity. Every foreigner in the neighbourhood was invited to interview the mysterious beauty.

It was a Portuguese from Malaya who, after a prolonged conversation with her, related a story which electrified everybody. Caraboo, it seemed, was a Princess of royal blood from Jervasu, in the East Indies. She had been kidnapped and brought to the shores of this country and then abandoned by her abductors. The reason for the kidnapping and the long journey remained a mystery.

Whether the kind-hearted Worralls deemed it now a privilege to offer hospitality to the barbaric Princess, or whether they merely thought it their duty to protect a lonely woman, is not known; but the fact remains that they took her back with them and installed her once again in their own home.

After a few days her Royal Highness made a dress for herself out of a piece of calico, native fashion, with a short skirt and ample sleeves reaching the ground. Her legs were bare and she still wore the sandals with the wooden soles. At her own request she was provided with a bow and arrows—a kindness which the Worralls bitterly regretted on account of her continuous exercise of the weapon both inside and outside the house, which kept the household in a state of constant terror. At any moment they were likely to hear the vicious *ping* of an arrow shot from one room into another.

This warlike instinct took other forms, less dangerous but equally distressing. The Princess now wore, in addition to the feathers on her head and the sword and knives at her side, a gong which she had slung across her shoulder on a strap, and on which she beat a continuous and sinister tattoo. Sometimes she varied the performance by frantically beating a tambourine against her elbows and knees, making a frightful din and completely shattering the peace of the quiet old house.

The long-suffering Worralls put up with everything, but they were in constant dread of what their guest would do next.

With time and patience they had succeeded in teaching her the names of essential objects and a few words with which it was possible to sustain a limited conversation. Nothing, however, could persuade the Princess to cease her barbaric antics.

One day, on returning after a brief absence, Mrs. Worrall found that the girl had disappeared. She suppressed a sigh of relief and wearing an expression of anxious diligence, set out to search for her. She found her perched up in a tree. Her explanation was that she had hidden there for fear of being molested by some man who might have entered the house while she was alone.

A few days later she disappeared again, and this time every effort to find her proved fruitless.

She had been with the Worralls nearly two months when she vanished. Alas for them—their new-found peace lasted only a week!

Sensational news came to stir them once more into conscientious action. Princess Caraboo was at Bath, and seemed to be enjoying great success amongst the fashionable crowd which

In the drawing-room of a well-known and highly-placed lady, Mrs. Worrall was confronted by an astonishing scene. Princess Caraboo was surrounded by a riotous, fashionable throng

assembled there in the summer. How could she have found her way to *Bath*, of all places? No one knew. But Mrs. Worrall was alarmed by the thought of what might happen to an attractive and unchaperoned girl in such a resort, and she took the first coach bound in that direction in order to rescue her charge before the worst befell her.

IT was in the drawing-room of a well-known and highly-placed lady that Mrs. Worrall was confronted by an astonishing scene. Princess Caraboo, in a striking attitude, was surrounded by a riotous, fashionable throng. A blonde young lady knelt before her; others were begging for kisses, while a sprinkling of doctors and professors were trying hard to find out the nationality and customs of the barbaric figure which seemed to them to have sprung straight from the Arabian Nights.

Doctor Wilkinson, of Bath, had already published in the *Bath Chronicle* a learned treatise on Princess Caraboo, with particular reference to her strange language which, despite exhaustive researches in Chinese, Arabic, Greek, Persian, Malayan, Sanscrit, etc., had not yet been identified. Specimens of her handwriting had been submitted to the eminent Oriental scholar, Mr. Raffles; but all in vain.

Needless to say, the public interest, including that of Dr. Wilkinson, had grown in proportion to the mystery. Princess Caraboo had taken Bath by storm.

While Mrs. Worrall was trying to decide what measures to employ to make her charge return to the fold from which she had flown, a certain landlady in the town came forward brandishing a copy of the *Bath Chronicle* containing Dr. Wilkinson's article. It seemed that she had had a lodger some time before whose assumed name and behaviour corresponded roughly with that of the Princess, and she now in good round English challenged the young woman's *bona fides*.

The attack was so sudden and direct that Caraboo broke down and, in a flood of tears, confessed—also in good plain English—that she was a servant-girl whose love of adventure had led her into the masquerade. This bombshell not only knocked the Princess from her pedestal, but it also caused havoc among the distinguished throng of society people, scientists and scholars.

Princess Caraboo now became relegated to that miserable class of girls of suspicious character, unwanted on British soil, whose common fate is compulsory exile. It was Mrs. Worrall who secured for her a passage to Philadelphia.

But before it set, the star of Princess Caraboo was destined to give out a final gleam of radiance.

The vessel *Robert and Anne*, on which she sailed from Bristol with the rest of its sad cargo of emigrants, ran into a storm. Obliged to deviate from its course, it was seen trying to approach the island of St. Helena, then a little later it swerved out to sea again. It left behind something which the sentinel on the island made out to be a rowing-boat. The boat made its way towards the shore; and the Governor of the island, on which Napoleon had been incarcerated for two years, went down to meet it and make sure who was the newcomer. It proved to be a young woman, who stepped on to the beach with uncommon agility. Questioned by Sir Hudson Lowe, she gave her name as Caraboo, Princess of Jervasu. Unwilling to go to Philadelphia, she had escaped from the ship, cut the rope of the little boat, and rowed towards the island, where, she said, she knew that a famous man in exile had some strange connection with her destiny. Her bold and impressive manner so hypnotised Sir Hudson Lowe that he took her into the presence of the captive Emperor. The incredibly romantic story which she told aroused Napoleon's interest at once. He embraced and kissed her. He even went so far as to ask Sir Hudson to give her an apartment in the same house as himself, for he felt that she alone could restore him to high spirits and relieve the monotony of exile. Since Napoleon's coldness and terseness with women was well known, the Princess Caraboo had every reason to feel elated at her success.

Her bold and impressive manner so hypnotised Sir Hudson Lowe that he took her into the presence of the captive Emperor. The incredibly romantic story which she told aroused Napoleon's interest at once. He embraced and kissed her

The *Bristol Journal* of September 13, 1817, prints all the story, including a letter of Sir Hudson Lowe's describing this remarkable incident. He, too, believed implicitly in the girl's highly-coloured story, and ended his letter as follows:

"The eagerness with which she speaks of these subjects convinces everyone that she is no impostor. Her manner is noble and fascinating to a wonderful degree."

Public gossip even avowed later that the Pope had granted a dissolution of Napoleon's marriage with Marie Louise and that Caraboo was recognised as Queen of St. Helena; but the facts are uncorroborated.

Princess Caraboo eventually disappeared from history for ever. But not before she had succeeded in hoaxing everybody, including the frowning gaoler of Napoleon—and had tasted the triumph of seeing the ex-Emperor himself at her feet. THE END.

Time In A Wooden Case

By

M. Lovett Turner

I HAVE loved grandfather clocks ever since the days when I lisped "Hickory, dickory, dock, the mouse ran up the clock," and gazed on the astonished face of the pictured clock that the mouse was treating so contumaciously.

In those days every cottage seemed to possess its own grandfather clock standing opposite the door. Many were crooked, some had been bereft of their pediments, others rested in a hollow made in the flagged floor, for grandfather was often taller than the room in which it stood. Each one told the time as it knew it though, like tales told by many another grandfather, the details were a bit vague. If the grandfather clock struck three when the hands pointed to ten-thirty, well, its proud owners knew what it meant—and that was all that mattered.

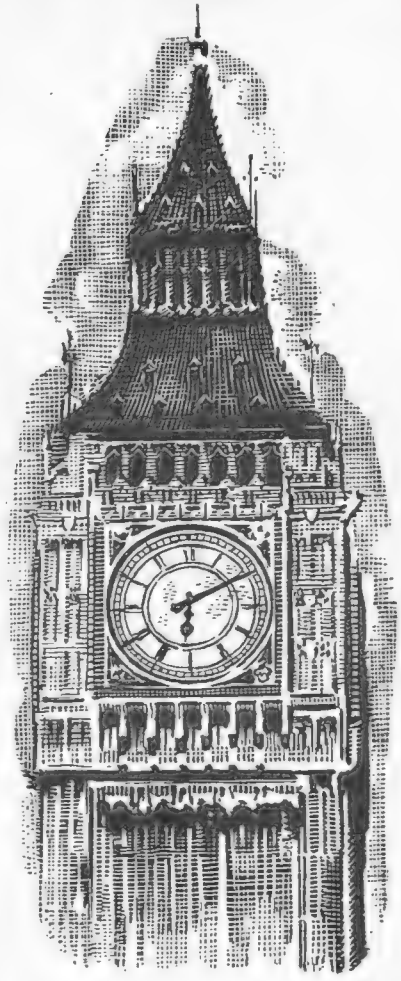
An Egyptian water clock. Many were the devices used to tell the passing of the hours independently of the sun. One of the earliest forms was the water clock, a bowl filled with water that seeped through a small hole in the base, thus reducing the level of the water as the days drew to a close

And what a variety of faces these sturdy old grandfathers possessed. There were radiant and jovial suns peeping over metal clouds, ships battling over stormy seas, or cocks crowing vigorously to welcome the dawn. My own grandfather clock has two elegant finches staring at each other over a few scattered daisies of a genus hitherto unknown. A more youthful member of my clock family—a wall clock—has its lower panel of glass painted with red roses on an emerald green background, with a fascinating bee "skep" and enormous bees bustling about, quite the most cheery clock painting I have ever seen.

Cottage clocks usually kept good time, often needing to be wound every day. Others, less intimate, only needed winding every eight days or even longer. As, in most homes, the winding of the grandfather clock came to be considered a nightly ritual only to be conducted by the head of the house, the long-winded clocks must have lost much of their personality—like the quiet lodger in the front room! Little wonder then that grandfather, being so important a member of the family tradition, was looked on with pride and, in many cases, with superstition.

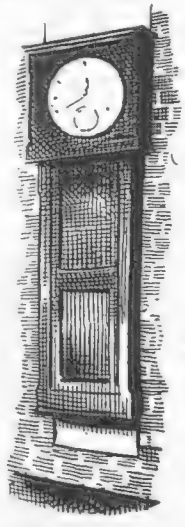
HOW simple life must have been before man found it necessary to imprison time in a wooden case! Prehistoric man rose with the sun and slept through the dark hours. He fed when he was hungry, or when the day's hunting had been good. He had no appointment to keep, no trains to catch, for his business consisted merely of keeping the pantry supplied, or tilling his little plot of land. His wife had no need to avoid the rush hours when shopping, get the children ready for school, or even "do" the potatoes in time for dinner.

It was when life became more communal that it became necessary to regulate the hours into some sort of routine. Primitive man placed an upright stick in the ground, or watched the sun's shadow falling on a familiar object. These early shadow clocks, like the optimistic sundial of the Elizabethan era, told only the sunny hours, they were of little use to the indoor worker. They rather complicated matters too, by varying the length of the hour with the changing seasons.



Big Ben, perhaps the most famous clock of all time, and one whose chimes are heard in more parts of the earth than any other clock

The Egyptians used a series of stone blocks so arranged that they divided the time from sunrise to sunset into twelve equal portions which varied less in tropical countries than in the more northern regions—fortunately, for think what a trial it would have been for impatient youth to wait for several months before keeping an appointment fixed for the next hour!



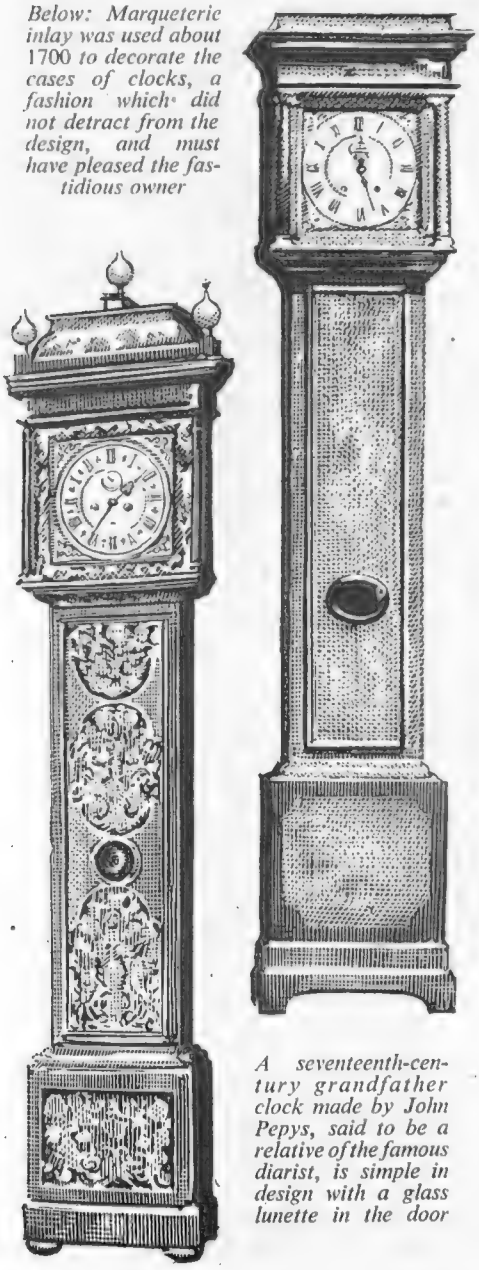
The Greenwich clock that controls "Tim" the Post Office clock and pips the hours for the B.B.C.

Many were the devices used to tell the passing of the hours independently of the sun. One of the earliest forms was the water clock, a bowl filled with water that seeped through a small hole in the base, thus reducing the level of the water as the days and nights drew to a close. There is one in the museum at Cairo made of alabaster and made in Egypt about 1400 B.C. The inside of the bowl is plainly marked, so it was easy to calculate the time as the water ebbed away.

Alfred the Great, who divided his time with meticulous care, one third being given to prayer and meditation, one third to affairs of the state, and one third to study, had candles made with the hours marked on them and placed into a horn lantern, literally burning the hours away, though not at both ends of the candle.

The Saxons (*Continued on page* 54)

Below: Marqueterie inlay was used about 1700 to decorate the cases of clocks, a fashion which did not detract from the design, and must have pleased the fastidious owner



A seventeenth-century grandfather clock made by John Pepys, said to be a relative of the famous diarist, is simple in design with a glass lunette in the door

Glamour

Love Was Certainly The Whole Existence of Margaret Blandford

By Rose Marie Hodgson

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

ALEC BRETHERTON gave his prospective client a shrewd glance and decided that his apprehensions were groundless. She was no wife for the debonair Simon Blandford. She looked tired and shabby, and a good ten years older than Simon. Her check suit bore an unmistakable off-the-peg stamp and her stockings wrinkled at the ankles. A wisp of greying hair pushed out at right angles from the brim of her hat. He smiled at her kindly and waved her into an armchair.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" she asked, opening her well-worn and bulging handbag to extract a packet of cigarettes.

"Please!" said Alec. "Not your own, Mrs. Blandford! Take one of these. Same make, I believe."

He opened the lid of the silver box and slid it along the desk to her with his left hand, offering her a light with his right. Mrs. Blandford puffed out a thin jet of smoke and watched it dissipate in blue tendrils. Then she made an obvious effort.

"I want your advice, Mr. Bretherton," she said. "It's about my husband."

He nodded gravely.

"I want to divorce him."

There was a long pause. She seemed unable to continue. Alec thought of the stream of distressed women who had sought refuge in this room overlooking the plane trees in the quiet courtyard for the last quarter of a century, some of them bitter, some vindictive, some grasping, and not a few genuinely heart-broken. He sighed and moved an ash tray towards her.

"You've made up your mind?" He tried to help her to continue.

"Yes," she said. "I'm quite sure this time. I've already endured more than I thought I could over and over, and now the whole wretched business has started afresh. We've been married for twenty-five years, Mr. Bretherton, and I've forgiven him time and again. I thought I didn't mind any more. You'd think one wouldn't by now, wouldn't you? But I find I do."

"You've not told me just what the trouble is, Mrs. Blandford," he said.

"Oh, other women!" she said wearily and with slight irritation as though that could be the only trouble between a married couple. "Other women. It's always been the same. And now he's off all over again with some silly empty-headed blonde. Says he needs a bit of glamour! And he's getting on for fifty! That's rich, isn't it?" She laughed a short, hysterical laugh. "Yes, he says he needs a little course of glamour and he expects me not to mind. It's been going on for six months now. He knows I know, and he expects me not to mind!" She was both bitter and amazed.

"Just one point before we go any further, Mrs. Blandford." The doubt dispelled at first by his client's appearance rose again in Alec's mind. "Will you tell me please what made you come to me?"

"I think it was this glamour business that finished me." She flicked the ash from her cigarette with a trembling finger. "You see my husband told me that I had no glamour. Well that's only too obvious now. And it's his fault. But he said I'd never had any. He said he'd married me for quite different reasons. Worthier ones, he called them! He can always twist an argument to his advantage all right. Oh, he's certainly a clever one! I've never had any glamour, that's what he said. That's what finished me. That's why I came." Tears of humiliation rose to her eyes.

"I'm afraid I didn't make my meaning quite clear, Mrs. Blandford." Alec's suspicion had deepened into certainty. "I meant what made you choose my firm?

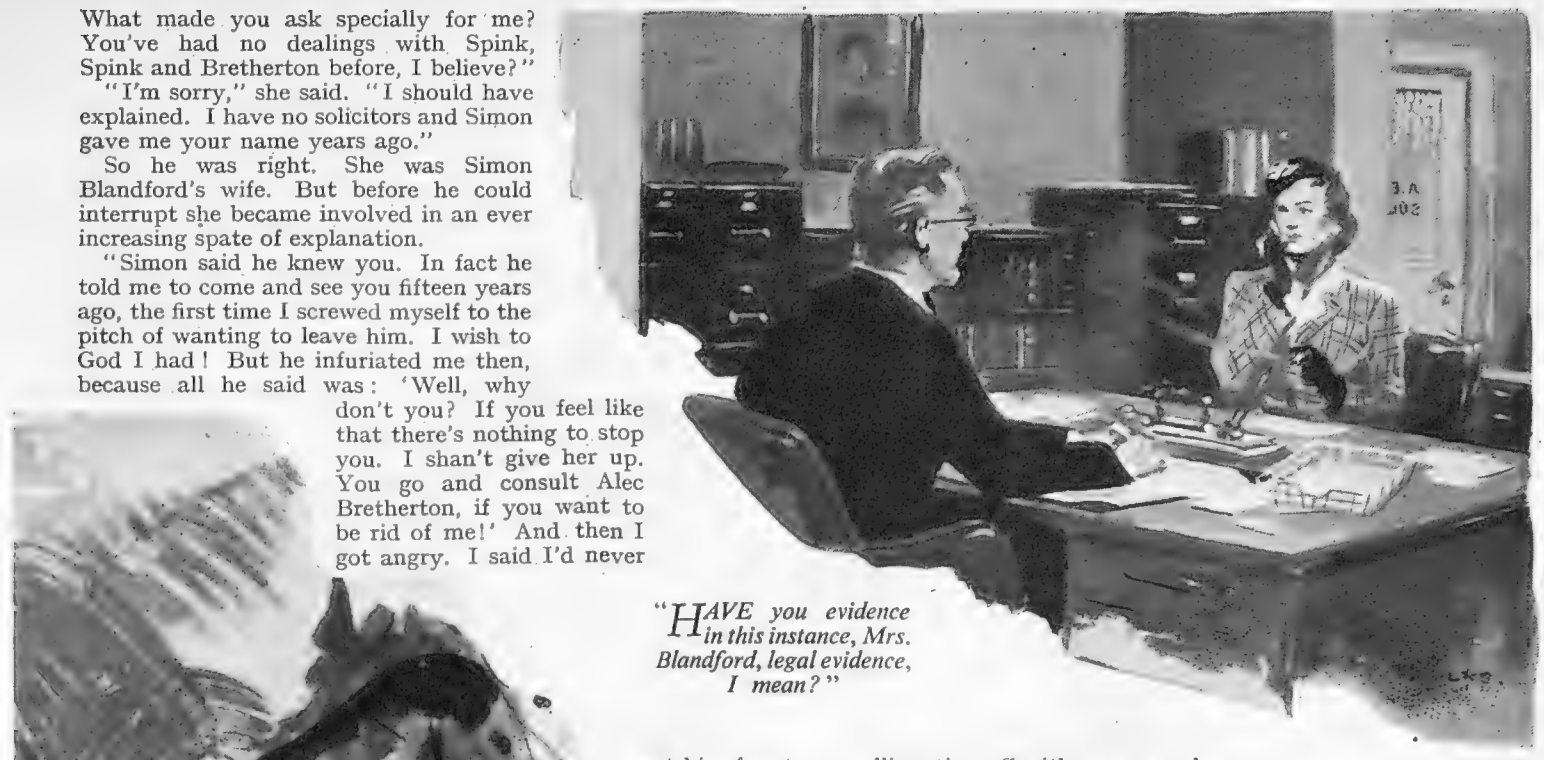
"THERE you are, sweet!" Simon said. "You don't know how miserable I am when you're late, when I begin to be afraid you're not coming. But it's certainly worth it when you do!"

What made you ask specially for me? You've had no dealings with Spink, Spink and Bretherton before, I believe?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "I should have explained. I have no solicitors and Simon gave me your name years ago."

So he was right. She was Simon Blandford's wife. But before he could interrupt she became involved in an ever increasing spate of explanation.

"Simon said he knew you. In fact he told me to come and see you fifteen years ago, the first time I screwed myself to the pitch of wanting to leave him. I wish to God I had! But he infuriated me then, because all he said was: 'Well, why don't you? If you feel like that there's nothing to stop you. I shan't give her up. You go and consult Alec Bretherton, if you want to be rid of me!' And then I got angry. I said I'd never set him free to go gallivanting off with someone else.



"HAVE you evidence in this instance, Mrs. Blandford, legal evidence, I mean?"

I see now that was stupid. He knows me so well, Simon. He knows exactly how I'll react. He saw that was the one way to stop me. He's a clever devil!"

She ceased, breathless, and stretched out her hand for a cigarette. Alec noticed that her fingers were brown with nicotine, and her nails none too well kept. As the flame of his lighter glowed against her pale face he realized that Margaret Blandford had once been, if not pretty, certainly attractive. It was a face of character, but the mouth once wide and generous was now compressed and sagging at the corners. The brown eyes set wide apart were dulled and ringed with a tissue of small wrinkles. They looked tired and strained, the result of many years of stormy crying. He had been deceived in her at first because she looked considerably older than she was.

"Mrs. Blandford," he said. "Did your husband advise you to come to me this time?"

"Oh no!" she replied. "I've learned some sense—now it's too late for me to make much of my life. He'd have stopped me somehow. He'd either have tricked me as he's done before, or he'd have persuaded me. I'm useful as background, you see. No one can get at him ultimately, so long as he's married. But he'd have persuaded me all right. Simon has a way with him, there's no denying that. It's been the cause of all the trouble. Even now he can twist me round his little finger if he has a mind to. I've never loved any one else, you see, and I never shall. He knows it."

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Blandford," Alec said, "but I can't help you professionally. I'm sure you'll understand that. Your husband is a client of ours, you see. We've never had much to do for him, but he and I were in the same regiment in the last war and we run into each other now and then, so he's always come to us over leases and mortgages and so on. That makes it impossible. I'll gladly advise you where to go though, if that's any help. And I do apologize most sincerely for not realizing you were Simon's wife. You gave your name to the clerk on the telephone as Mrs. Margaret Blandford, you see, and stupidly it never occurred to me."

Alec Bretherton was more embarrassed than he had been for months as Margaret sobbed into a large khaki handkerchief, quietly, but with no sign of abating. She had completely lost control. He stood up and put a hand on her shaking shoulder.

"Don't cry," he said. "Just tell me one or two things as one friend to another, so that I can advise you where best you should go."

"I'm sorry," she gulped. "I'm very sorry. But I was so hopeful of your helping me. It was a blow. What do you want me to tell you? Don't send me anywhere too—too—grand, will you? Because you see, well, Simon spends most of the money. Taking out his friends. Drinking with them. Riding around in taxi-cabs."

Recollections of the hours she had spent at home waiting for Simon pulled her together and her face hardened.

"No. I understand," he smiled gently.

ALEC took the telephone and Josephine hovered by the dining-room door

"What do you want to know?" she asked.

"Have you evidence in this instance, legal evidence, I mean?"

"No. But I'm sure I'm right. I know. All the usual symptoms. Ringing up and saying he has to work late at the War Office, then coming in gay and full of drink. Or if he does come in and go out again before dinner, an extra shave and an extra shine to his buttons. A week out of town put down as 'on a course.' Her photograph boldly displayed on his writing desk. Letters for him in a curly, feminine handwriting, letters addressed in green ink with a London post mark, that he stuffs into his pockets unread. Oh, all the same old wearisome story."

"But however sure you are intuitively, Mrs. Blandford, it won't carry weight in law." Alec sounded suddenly stern, different. His rugged, reddish face had clouded over, and the furrows that lay between nostrils and jaw bone seemed deeper. He represented now the impartial legal mind.

"Do you wish to obtain legal evidence?" he asked crisply. "Are you prepared to go through the hoop yourself? Think carefully! Do you wish to cite this woman as co-respondent? That means having your husband watched, you understand. An unpleasant business."

"Yes." She was determined. "I know it's sordid. But I've made up my mind. I mean to drag her through the mud. She must take the rap for all those who went before her."

Alec sighed once more. It was odd how that shilling novelette phrase escaped the lips of the most unlikely women in such circumstances. It was a pity. It drained one's sympathy.

"Well," he stood up to draw the interview to a close. "I'll fix you up. I know the firm for you. They employ a private agency. I'll give them a ring in the morning, and they'll communicate with you."

It wasn't the sort of case Spink, Spink and Bretherton, that old-fashioned and respectable firm, would have undertaken for any client in the world, and Blandford must have known that, Alec reflected, when he suggested that Margaret should call on him all those years ago. What a cad the man was!

AS he strolled under the plane trees out of the courtyard to catch a west bound bus, Alec felt completely exhausted, and he hated Simon Blandford with all his heart.

The carefree Simon was at that moment sitting in an alcove of the Hotel Napoleon clinking ice from a spoon into a double whisky and soda. He was bored, for he loathed to be kept waiting, and he glanced intermittently towards the swing door of the lounge. Suddenly his face lit up and he sprang to his feet.

"There you are, sweet!" he said. "You don't know how miserable I am when you're late, when I begin to be afraid you're not coming. But it's certainly worth it when you do!" He laughed and pulled another chair to the table and rang for the waiter.

"You're looking very jolly to-night. New frock? I never knew a girl with so many frocks!"

Josephine did not apologize for her lateness.

"Good *Lord*," she said. "*New?* Don't be *sil*ly, darling! It's pre-war *ac*tually. It's a *thou*sand years old, at least. Thank God here's the waiter! My tongue's positively *hanging* out."

Josephine fluttered her eyelids like tired butterflies. She chopped some of her words as she spoke, drawling and emphasizing bits of the others, twisting her mobile crimson mouth into odd shapes, flinging back her head to show off her long neck and firm, pointed breasts, and moving her shoulders forward with each pouting gesture. Simon couldn't take his eyes off her.

"Double whisky and soda and a gin and lime!" he ordered. "Why, you've brought them, you old scoundrel! That's fine. Getting to know our tastes to a nicety! . . . Yes, that green colour's good with your very special line in spun moonlight hair. . . . Water? . . . Ice?"

"Well, *cheer*io darling, glad *some*body notices *any*way." The butterflies fluttered again. "Does a girl's morale no *end* of good!"

"Any one would be mad who didn't," (*Continued on page 58*)

Yes, the great great grandparents of this two-days-old baby Grey Squirrel came from America. A few pairs were introduced into a London park for ornamental purposes, a few years before the first world war. They throve and bred and by 1944 have firmly established themselves over three quarters of England

Unwelcome Interlopers

The Spread of the Grey Squirrel has become a Serious Menace to the Countryside

By B. Melville Nicholas

NOT every animal that dwells in the British Isles can claim the distinction of having had its name mentioned in Parliament. Of course, the ever-popular rabbit has been the subject of many a debate there and although for as many years as I can remember every man's hand has been against the rabbit, it still resides among us in millions! This is also true of rats, and whilst campaign after campaign has been launched against these inveterate robbers of the home and the farmyard, there are still as many rats as human beings in this country—and probably more!

And now quite recently (though by no means for the first time) the House of Commons has been debating the future of the grey squirrel, with the result that an increased issue of cartridges is to be made and an intensified blitz organized against this silvery-grey alien.

Unfortunately, however, to many people squirrels are squirrels—and nothing more; and too often our native red squirrel is prosecuted for the sins of its American cousin, for it must be remembered, that it was from North America that the first grey squirrels came.

The spread of these animals began with the release of a few pairs at Woburn in Bedfordshire in or around the year 1890, with the result that these invaders are now so firmly established throughout this country that they have become a serious menace to our nation's welfare. But quite apart from the damage committed to crops, fruit trees, forestry and so forth (and this is considerable) these interlopers are also the enemies of our native red squirrels, whilst perhaps an even more serious charge to be brought against them is the destruction of the eggs and young of our wild birds. I have seen with my own eyes on many, many occasions, where grey squirrels have plundered the nests of warblers, blackbirds, thrushes and other dwellers of the woods and hedgerows, and whilst these squirrels have their charms and appealing ways, no one genuinely interested in wild life ought to tolerate the introduction of an alien animal which destroys our native birds.

Personally, however, I do not think the grey squirrel is as prolific as some people suppose, and so far as my personal observation goes—and I have spent twenty-five years studying wild life—only one litter a year is produced, consisting of four or five young. But in this country unfortunately the grey squirrel has no natural foes of any real consequence, and, whereas, in its native haunts, it has the tree-cats and other arboreal creatures to contend with, here opposition is reduced to the merest (*Continued on page 67*)

The parents of this helpless three-weeks-old baby Grey Squirrel have provided a warm and comfortable home in the tree-tops. Occasionally the parents construct a drey entirely themselves, but more often the ruined nest of a magpie or jay, or even a wood pigeon, makes a foundation. Grass, leaves, moss, twigs are carried up in great quantities and are chewed up fine for the nursery mattress

The Grey Squirrel can sit up on its haunches as naturally as a kangaroo. In fact it is their normal resting position

Even Nelson

VERY slowly, Eric Borland lifted his head—which had been bent over a bucket. For a moment, his glazed eyes did not seem to register the chaotic scene which met them. Tangled metal and smashed instruments conveyed nothing to the brain. The bridge of the destroyer looked like a drop curtain designed for a modern ballet. Borland's nose brought the next news bulletin. A sharp, evil reek hung in the air. Then he noticed that a comparative stillness reigned. Rising shakily to his feet, he gripped a stanchion with one hand and wiped his face with another. He felt as if he had as many limbs as an octopus, and every one ached. For hours, he had been violently sick—so sick that he scarcely remembered how the horror started. About midday, a vicious gale had screamed over the *Skylion*, so that she wallowed and squirmed over the sweeping waves, balancing tremulously on oily swells and sliding sideways into troughs which heaved heavenwards as soon as the ship reached their lowest depths.

After making one manful attempt to go ahead with his tasks, Borland had found himself on all fours in a corner of the bridge. The whole horizon had become a pail which some kindly soul had brought from the galley for his especial use. How he came to be in this ludicrous and vile position, he did not know. He did not know when the storm had abated —only to be supplanted by an artificial one, which burst from sea and cloud simultaneously. The U-boat and the Ju 88 had carried on where Nature left off.

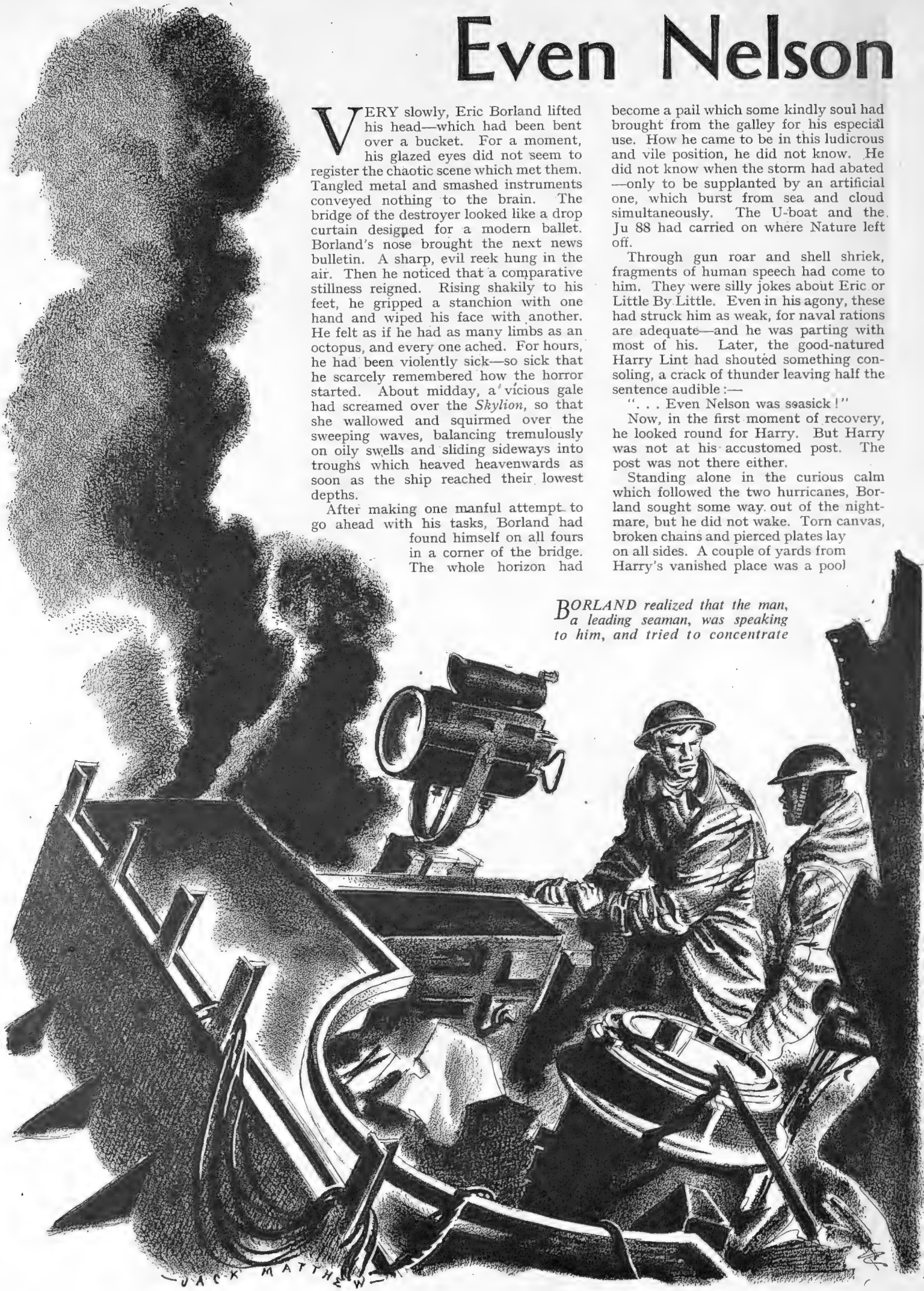
Through gun roar and shell shriek, fragments of human speech had come to him. They were silly jokes about Eric or Little By Little. Even in his agony, these had struck him as weak, for naval rations are adequate—and he was parting with most of his. Later, the good-natured Harry Lint had shouted something consoling, a crack of thunder leaving half the sentence audible:—

". . . Even Nelson was seasick!"

Now, in the first moment of recovery, he looked round for Harry. But Harry was not at his accustomed post. The post was not there either.

Standing alone in the curious calm which followed the two hurricanes, Borland sought some way out of the nightmare, but he did not wake. Torn canvas, broken chains and pierced plates lay on all sides. A couple of yards from Harry's vanished place was a pool

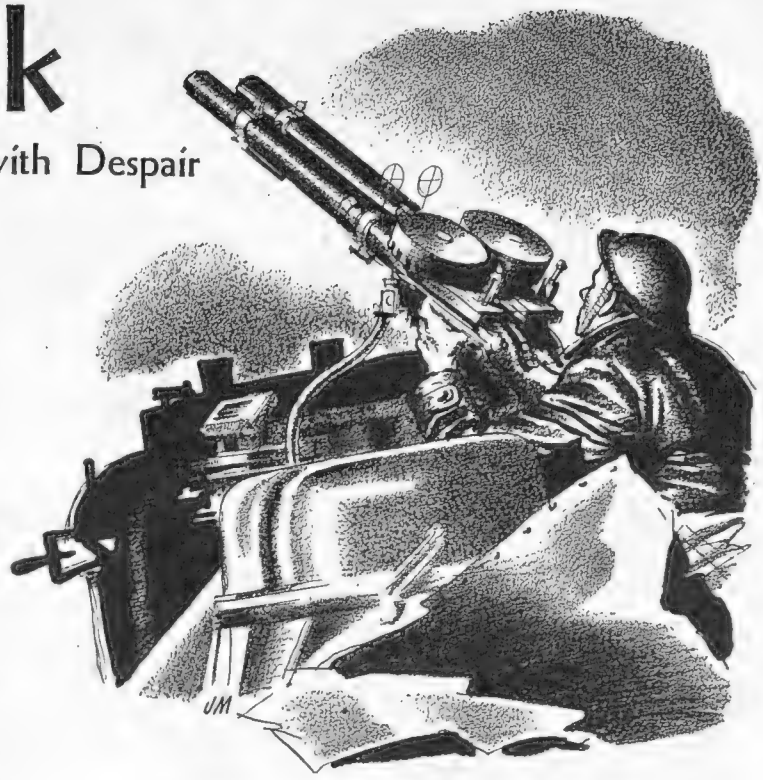
BORLAND realized that the man, a leading seaman, was speaking to him, and tried to concentrate



Was Sea-Sick

A Story of Romantic Daring Mingled with Despair

By E. E. Laing



AS he brought the barrels to bear on the swooping shape, it occurred to Borland that the enemy might be short of ammunition

of blood—not much, but enough to put a finishing touch to the melodrama.

A gentle wind cooled his forehead. A glass sea showed not one ripple to the skyline, where the sun was beginning to set. Its pink rays coloured the veil of steam which hung ominously over the wreckage beneath the bridge.

There were footfalls behind him, and he risked turning.

"Hullo, there!" he said.

The man, a leading seaman, showed no surprise. His face had been blackened into a negroid mask. Borland realized that he was speaking, and tried to concentrate. It appeared that the ship was in a bad way, the commanding personnel had been transferred to the sick bay, and the man to give further orders was Borland himself.

Ever since his boyhood, Borland had envisaged such a situation: to step into the bloody breach in the face of a ferocious enemy would have been an exhilarating experience. So thought the snotty of years gone by.

The moment had come, but scarcely with the theatrical prettiness which he had pictured. For the moment, the enemy had disappeared, and he was still deadly sick. They were three hundred miles from the Clyde, and the ship might well be sinking. The black face had moving lips which told of two bombs and a torpedo. The rest of the convoy had been forced to go on without the *Skylion*, the wireless apparatus had been smashed, and the engines could do no more than ten knots. The man concluded that he would have made his report earlier and in better order, but he had not noticed Borland until he pulled himself into view. . . . He stopped, confused.

Borland grinned wryly at his own absurd entrance, and tried to recollect the leading seaman's name. Time and tide had washed it from his memory. He said:

"Well, there's nothing for it but to go home."

As his mind cleared, he scanned the world for the *Adnos* and the *Argon*, which he believed had been detailed to stand by the *Skylion* in such an emergency as this, but there was no shadow of another ship. As if reading his mind, the other spoke:—

"They got 'em both, sir—both the Hellish Twins."

So that was it. . . . He allowed himself a sigh of sorrow and exasperation

"Home, James—and we must spare the horses as much as we can. . . . Oh, thank you!"

This was addressed to a youth from the galley, who had manoeuvred a mug of coffee and two damp sandwiches up several steel ladders. He hung on to the one undamaged rail that he could find, clinging to the bridge like a monkey. With dexterous tact, he removed the bucket, and dropped out of sight.

Illustrations by Jack Matthew

The coffee was hot and strong. It was an improvement on the cocoa which the cooks tended to purvey after crises. Probably, the ever-thoughtful Harry had dropped them a hint—if he were still alive. Stimulated by caffeine and his first command, Borland got down to the business of setting this ghastly house in order.

AN hour later, the *Skylion* was doing her ten knots across a purple waste. Valiantly, she was making her way back to a world from which she had been cut off by every mechanical means known to man and Hun. The decks were still metal replicas of the Sargasso Sea. Disturbing spouts of steam hissed from gaps which the builders had never intended. She was very low in the water—but she travelled.

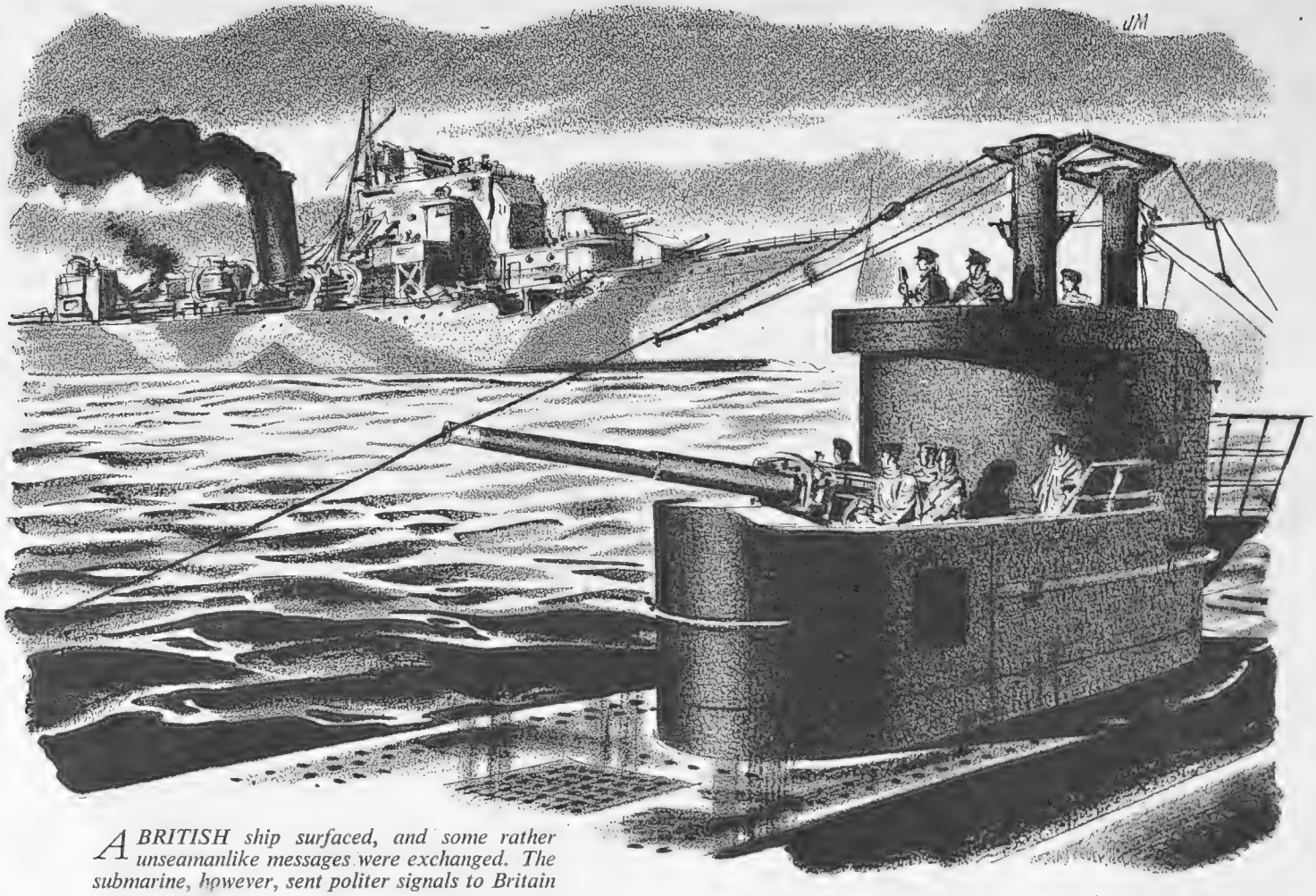
Chilled and excessively tired, Borland kept his attention fixed by a gigantic effort of will, for although he had taken no part in the battle, and was unscathed, this day had treated him badly. Catching sight of his sea-green features in a mirror (attached to some upright left standing), he felt himself to be the right colour for his trade. Time and again, he meant to go below and see his wounded comrades, but something kept claiming his notice—a request, a query, a demand for purely manual help. . . . While the fundamentals of naval discipline remained, the outer trappings had been blown away as cleanly as half the smaller fittings. The domestic staff and the medical staff had collected their broken china and their scattered splints. Emergency lighting was actually rising to the emergency. Pumps and plugs were being applied at vital points.

Investigation showed that three guns were still workable, but the leading seaman—who had become the chief messenger between Borland and the rest of the ship—announced that the firing of them might sink the *Skylion*.

When the first burst of activity was over, Borland became conscious of an extreme loneliness. Stamping his feet to ward off the dew-cold of the night, he went along the battered bridge and looked over the side—through a convenient shell hole.

"Where is everybody?"

"We're working with a skellington crew," replied the messenger from some spot in the pit. "Less than 'alf a man where there was three before."



A BRITISH ship surfaced, and some rather unseamanlike messages were exchanged. The submarine, however, sent politer signals to Britain

Revolted by the tactless reference to skeletons, Borland turned up his collar and crept into the half-canvas shelter at the other end of the platform. From this point, he looked down on a sea which was perilously near. The bridge of a destroyer is always remarkably near to the wave tops. At this moment, the *Skylion's* superstructures were all but shipping fish on their ruins.

Deciding that he had had enough of this isolation, Borland slithered down to the main part of the hulk, leaving the shattered towers to their own devices. Stumbling over displaced hunks of iron, he made his way into the one-time officers' mess—now a damp hospital for the casualties, which stretched in rigid rows down adjoining passages.

The flooring was slippery, and slanted just enough to be noticeable. It was like a well-loved, familiar house—as seen in a nightmare, with every line distorted.

It took him some time to find his superior officers, and the majority were either asleep or suitably doped when he did find them.

"There you are, boy." It was the irrepressible Harry Lint. One of his bright blue eyes was peering through a slit in a bandage, and he spoke from the inner core of the wrappings.

"Getting along all right?"

"I think so, sir."

"Never mind. They're sure to come back!"

The eye winked, and pretended to close in dignified slumber. He said nothing further, for a delayed-action drug had turned his pretence into reality.

Borland stood for another minute or two, contemplating the return of the enemy. In the business of getting the ship on to her homeward course, and keeping her above seaweed level, he had forgotten Germany. One more bomb, one more torpedo, one more shell, even. . . . He saw the *Skylion's* bridge settling under the night sea, and leaving nothing but a luminous line of foam which would last for forty seconds or so.

A year ago, he had seen a French destroyer go under in just that way.

Pulling himself out of the half coma which tedium and terror had induced, he went on deck at once, and there, his worst fears were justified. As his head rose above hull level, he saw that a fog had smothered the last of the daylight. The cold blood sun in the west was a murky blot of soiled rose. This was not an ordinary fog either. Straight out of Dickensian London it might have fallen, a yellow canopy, hiding the stars. There was fog down to the decks. It shut out all sight and sound of the world—the clip-clop of the waves on the plating, the horizon, even the Hun.

Taking advantage of this last circumstance, Borland did everything he could to occupy hand and mind, to fight the lethargy which threatened to overtake his surviving shipmates as they moved, ghost-like, from one wretched task to another. He played his part in the shadow show with feverish efficiency, taking care to rest at intervals. During these spaces, a hastily chosen team of men filled his place, and it did not take him long to discover that he could be spared. When the fog lifted, every minute would need him. . . .

His own quarters had not fared badly. Six inches of water and a pile of wreckage washed in from other places did not make it uninhabitable. Sitting on his bunk, he could draw himself out of the brine and relax. He massaged the locked muscles between wrist and shoulder, between ankle and thigh. He managed, by a supreme effort, to forget the destroyer, and dwell upon hopes and memories. To lie here in a state of tension was worse than useless—destructive.

He thought of his beloved Alice in the port of Cranballoch, and wondered if her father were still preaching faintly pacifist sermons. A groan escaped him. The sickness was returning. Death and disaster he might dismiss, but not this. Something else was killing him, too: something dragging at his body. From the sweet past there came a recollection of Alice's farewell gift—some kind of patent anti-malady pad which protected the abdomen against all ills. What had he done with it? Horror, he was wearing the thing! After a prodigious amount of unbuttoning, he got the patent poultice off, and tossed it into the lake on the flooring. Hearing it splash made him feel relieved, but by no means better.

Against his better judgment, he took a drop of brandy; like many seamen, he really had won tremendous victories on cocoa. On the whole, the liquid fire did him good.

For the first time, he could review the situation clearly, unhampered by the noise of billows and battle. A curious quiet had fallen over everything. Briefly, he was in a freakish spot.

By a series of those odd accidents which are the normalities of war, the ship had lost contact with all outside help, with all the aids which the Admiralty had planned for her so carefully, so thoroughly and so ingeniously. One by one, the invisible threads which bound the ship to her vital communications had snapped.

Not one of his superior officers was in any condition to take over. Even Paymaster Commander Clifferd, whom he had always regarded as useless, would have been a welcome (*Continued on page* 68)

Country Merry-Go-Round

FEBRUARY . . . primroses and snowdrops in the cottage garden. Aconites and crocuses on the country lawn. Winter-wheat — minute green needles—in the dark-brown fields, pussy willow or palm in the hedges, and a lark starts to sing. The year is stretching, as winter, passing on its way, gives ground to the first signs of spring. The housewife braces herself to start up the household merry-go-round — sowing, cleaning, picking, pickling, storing. . . . The wise country housewife will sit down now and plot out her year.

Sowings must not be forgotten, otherwise she will have the envious enjoyment of smelling Mrs. B.'s new green peas cooking while hers are not yet in flower. It is always wise to risk one row of very early sowings for all the appreciated vegetables. An excellent way to cook those tender green peas is without water, in a tightly-lidded pot lined with wet lettuce leaves.

It is best to start young things early in the year too. March-hatched chicks are miles ahead of later birds, both in fattening and in laying—well worth the extra trouble, even if the weather is cold. It is simple and interesting to rear your own day-olds (bought from a reputable firm) in a box, indoors, with an old storm-lantern giving heat, surrounded by sacking, which the chicks can snuggle in.

THERE is only one way of getting through the day happily without experiencing that awful, work-swamped feeling. Rise early, work when you are fresh, then have a rest, sleep if possible, as soon as you feel fatigued. After lunch is the best time for the rest, and you will find that the half-hour "wasted" in resting is more than made up for by the speed with which you accomplish your later tasks.

The cottage-dweller is generally isolated, with a large town many miles away and any good entertainment restricted to the radio. A tendency to vegetate is unavoidable. It is an idea to switch from the entertaining programmes to take doses of the educational talks and lectures.

Country complexions are lovely in the early years, but the ruddy glow of youth can only too soon become the weathered russets of age, if care is not taken. Get the habit of using skin-food in the day—unless you are going visiting. As long as you are in your own three acres, have an application of skin-food over your face and neck. Keep on your lipstick, and then you can dash outside into the cold for firewood, back to light your fire and roast in the heat of it, out to feed hens, back to fire-warmth and so on, without doing too much damage.

LAMPS are still in constant and long use each night. Most glasses will need cleaning every morning, not a difficult job if you get two tiny dish-mops. Have a glass-polishing preparation on one, and keep the other as a clean, dry mop to polish with. Done this way, an otherwise arduous job only takes a few minutes.

Check over your larder and see how your preserves and bottled things are doing. Maybe you have forgotten something that will soon be available in all its freshness for your menu. You can decide now what was successful, what need not be repeated this year, and what you needed in the last months that you had omitted from your last year's labours.

List your future sewing tasks, and cross them off as they are done. In the country, where day passes day without much to mark the passing, you are apt to feel that nothing has been accomplished, that time has just drifted past in inconsequential jobs of housework. If you get the habit of listing tasks, and then marking them off, you can look back each month to days well spent, successful and satisfying.

By A Housewife.

HOUSING PROGRAMME

Which interprets the Government Housing Policy in a Brief and Practical Form.

1

2

FOR the average reader, interest in the Government plan to meet the housing shortage is confined to the wish to extricate a few guiding facts from an avalanche of published information. Analysis of official publications is a formidable task, but this is a brief summary for those who are more interested in the How and When of the scheme than in the technical details.

The recommendations of the Central Housing Committee appointed to examine the problem offer a sound indication of the Government programme, now beginning to take tangible shape.

The estimate of the Committee laid down that between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 houses would be required to meet the deficiency. This is a formidable task, in view of the known obstacles in relation to material and labour shortage. The Government have, however, indicated their intention to carry out the housing programme in accordance with the proposals of the Central Committee and other authorities. Actual building is scheduled to start in 1945.

Salient points of interest from the recommendations of the Committee on Permanent Housing offer a general guide.

3

1. Ornamental lay-out of housing estates is strongly recommended in official reports. This example of the new American Maryland Greenbelt estate planning shows the effectiveness of houses set back at right-angles from the road and approached by footpaths.

2. A block of flat-roofed flats very skilfully disposed against a natural setting of trees and shrubs. These are also separated from the main thoroughfare by grass and paths.

3. The removal, from necessity, of front railings has so improved the appearance of terraced houses and others that most new estates are dispensing with them. In this case, a screen wall between two blocks of houses is another decorative improvement

Good design and lay-out, good internal arrangements, efficient equipment and improved appearance are among primary recommendations accepted.

The Committee are emphatic in their opinions that Local Authorities must be provided with good architectural advice. This to ensure more variety in permanent types of dwellings, more spacious accommodation and more attention to communal amenities on housing estates. In fact, attractive lay-out, trees and lawns, and the preservation of trees and shrubs are to be encouraged on all private and State-owned building sites.

Standards of construction officially approved include strength; resistance to damp; fire resistance; durability; thermal and sound insulation; and the standardisation of all fittings.

An inevitable interval is anticipated before the present inflated costs of building can be brought into workable relationship with the cost of living, but assuming this essential adjustment, it is estimated that building costs will eventually be stabilised at about 30 per cent. above pre-war.

Of the temporary houses so far officially adopted for the Government programme there are four types: the Pressed Steel house, the Arcon Mark V. house, the Uni-Seco houses and the Tarran. All are similar, except in materials and method of assembly. All will contain the kitchen and cupboard units contained in the pressed-steel house.

Temporary houses are to be provided and owned by the Government. They will be erected on sites acquired and developed by local authorities, who will choose the tenants, fix and collect rents, manage and maintain the property.

An Act of Parliament empowers the Minister of Health to supply Local Authorities with temporary houses to be erected by the Ministry of Works on land of the Authorities.

Another section of the Act gives the Minister power to remove the temporary houses when there is no longer need for them. It also gives power to the Local Authority to require the Minister to remove the houses at any time after ten years from the passing of the Act, unless the Minister is satisfied that housing conditions require that they should remain.

Contracts for the erection of temporary houses will be placed and supervised by the Ministry of Works. Local Authority will provide the site, construct the roads and sewers and instal main water, gas and electric services.

The Ministry of Works will carry out all works within the bounds of the houses, including setting out in accordance with the plans of the Local Authority.

Local Authority will be responsible for maintenance and repair works, but the parts will be supplied by the Ministry of Works. Rents are to be fixed by the Local Authority.

The position with regard to private building enterprise is still rather obscure. No one can say at present how long it will be before the individual will be free to build for himself. Government schemes will have priority while the shortage of materials and labour lasts, but the shortage in the higher-priced type of house must be met, and it is reasonable to assume that steps will be taken to meet it as soon as the situation clarifies and the big Government schemes are safely established and working satisfactorily.

WINIFRED LEWIS.

At Northolt, in Middlesex, the Ministry of Works have acquired a demonstration ground upon which a series of experimental houses and flats have been erected.

The object of this move was to estimate probable post-war costs and new methods of building. The following pictures show exterior and interior views of one of the several pre-fabricated types built.

4. Part of the sitting-room looking through to the dining-room of the pre-fabricated steel-frame house erected by the British Iron and Steel Federation. 5 and 6. Porch and staircase. There is a kitchen with dining space, living-room, hall, three bedrooms, bathroom. 7. The frames of these houses are of hot rolled steel, designed for rapid erection. The external facing of the ground floor is brick, of the first floor vertical ribbed steel sheet, painted stone colour. 8. The kitchen is excellently planned, with electric cooker, a closed-in wash-boiler, sink, refrigerator and store cupboards.

The Pain In Your Back

THE human back is a miracle of balance and strength. It has to be. It supports your head with the atlas and axis cervical vertebræ so that your head can nod and twist and yet be normally erect. It holds the whole body in its upright position. It contains the spinal cord surrounded by a mass of nerves, which conduct impulses to and from the brain, and which are a centre of reflex action.

Its thirty-three vertebræ are joined by cartilages and ligaments in a most amazing, shock-absorbing manner; it is practically foolproof. But years of abuse can, and will, result in aches and pains in your back, and those, if neglected, will sap your energy, tease your nerves and affect your decisions.

The three most common results of abuse are kyphosis (round shoulders); lordosis (sway-back); and scoliosis (side twist). Far too many people have them in a mild degree that later accentuates into a deformity of old age, bringing ill health with it.

Rickets in childhood is a primary cause, but bad deportment can be equally to blame.

Everyone over thirty should do spine exercises, and spend a few minutes each day lying flat on their backs, relaxed, on the floor.

Women are inclined to accept mild backaches as a thorn of middle age and child-bearing that has to be endured. A pain just below the shoulder in the back can be caused by inflammation of part of the female organs; a bearing-down pain in the lower part of the back can also be due to disorders of the female organs—but these are danger signals, and should be investigated, not endured.

Indigestion can cause a vile pain directly behind the stomach, or between the shoulder-blades. This too needs treatment.

Sciatica, an inflammation of the sciatic nerve, will cause the lower part of the back to ache; but the ache generally continues down the leg, as the sciatic nerve stretches from the small of the back to the heel and the entire nerve is tender and hurtful. Immediate treatment, rest and warmth are advisable.

Lumbago is a similar type of pain, a sudden seize-up in the lumbar region of the back. It can only be eased by application of heat—the old flat-iron as hot as can be endured, passed over the lumbar region (blanket protected), is excellent for immediate treatment. But have an overhaul for septic foci; make sure that teeth, throat, sinus, are not sources of infection.

There are various other aches and pains which are not tabulated and which often get into the wrong category, being called rheumatism. They can be cured by a skilful manipulative surgeon.

The field of manipulative treatment is rapidly expanding, and specialists in this branch of surgery maintain that the large majority of backaches and pains are caused by the locking of the spinal joints, and that these joints can be manipulated in such a way that the locking will be remedied.

Any chronic ache that defies ordinary treatment, such as the support of various organs or the alleviation of indigestion, should be given a chance of manipulative treatment.

If your attack comes on suddenly after you have been doing some unusual physical work, it points to the fact that a joint, which gets no manipulative exercise in your normal course of action, has started to seize up and been cruelly stirred by this new movement.

Do not try to treat yourself with spine exercises if you are subject to any of the mentioned backaches, nor to cure yourself of kyphosis, lordosis or scoliosis by exercise. You can, however, prevent these conditions from arising by a few minutes' exercise each day, running your spine through the gamut of movements that it can perform for you. And, under instructions from your manipulative specialist, you can continue any cure by exercising when your treatment by manipulation is over.

Make sure that you are well advised, and that you go to a specialist who bases his manipulation on a thorough knowledge of the body and all the medical laws.

How To Keep Your Contours

IN the later twenties, tiny lines begin to appear. They can be smoothed away with skin-food. In the late thirties, a sagging starts that can only be countered by keeping the important throat, chin and face muscles supple and youthful. And that means exercise, just as it does in every other part of the body.

The sterno-mastoid muscles start behind the ears and stretch down towards the front of the neck, meeting in a V beneath the "salt-cellar." This muscle, if kept youthful, retains a slim, firm neckline.

Platysma myoides spread from the lower half of the face, over the jaw line and outwards. Keep this from becoming flaccid and your youthful jaw line is a certainty. The temporal and masseter muscles extend from the region of the jaw angle to the jaws, under the cheeks.

There are two more important muscles. The orbicularis oris surrounds the mouth. Keep this active, and lips do not sag, down-at-corners lines keep away, nose-to-mouth lines are banished. The buccinator muscle controls the cheeks and can compress them. It is called the "trumpeter's muscle."

Of course, skin-food is essential and regular massage stimulating to the flesh tissues.

THE NOD. Throw your head back gracefully, so that you can see the wall behind you. Nod the head up and down several times from the backward position, never bringing it into an upright position. Relax and return to normal position. Repeat.

THE SMILE. Smile, raising the corners of your mouth. With muscle-strength, keep the corners up while you allow the bottom jaw to drop loosely. Jut your bottom jaw forward and endeavour to bring the bottom lip up and over the still-smiling top lip.

THE FISH GULP. Push your lips out into a wide letter O. Keeping the top jaw steady, jut forward the lower jaw and try to make the lower lip engulf the top lip as you did in the previous exercise. These three exercises are for the throat and jaw line.

THE HAND KISS. Form a wide, pushed-out O with your lips, then try to push them back with three fingers, resisting the pressure all the time with the muscle involved. Be sure the O is wide enough to eradicate the tiny creases at the corners of your mouth.

THE V SIGN. Purse lips, hold them thus with your fingers V'd. Now, with your cheek muscles, try to smile, resisting the lift with your fingers. It may take some practice before you can feel the muscles working. For mouth and cheek line.

COUGHS AND CURES

A COUGH is nature's method of removing irritation from the throat; a sneeze is nature's reaction to irritation in the nose. By coughing you can remove germs and mucous, and in the first stages of a cold, coughing need not be controlled—apart from making sure that the germs are removed into the safe keeping of your handkerchief.

Later, the cough will help you to remove the phlegm that is collecting in your throat and chest. Use your cough for this purpose and assist it by gargling with a weak solution of salt or bicarbonate of soda. Gradually, however, the cough causes inflammation of the throat, and coughing becomes a vicious circle.

At this stage—or at any time when the throat is raw—the throat should be soothed and the cough stopped. The common disregard of a lingering cough is very foolish; it is exhausting, irritating to the throat and should not be ignored.

If you live in the country, or can, somehow, get two fresh eggs, try the Vicomte de Maudit's recipe to cure the worst possible cough:

Wash two new-laid eggs and put in a basin. Cover with vinegar and leave overnight. In the morning, skim the film from the top (the shell will have dissolved), mix with equal quantities of honey, shake and beat well. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

A soothing and strengthening cough mixture is 4 oz. cod-liver oil, 1 oz. pure glycerine, 4 oz. honey and the juice of three lemons, or lemon cordial.

If you have a persistent cough and cannot make either recipe, do not buy a bottle of this and a bottle of that. Telephone your doctor, explain your cough to him and ask him for a prescription. It should get to the seat of your particular trouble and cure the cough in half the time.

By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or routines mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

START WITH

. . . when you assemble a home. step by step, build up the desired attention to detail and to those

The best features of the Victorian era in furnishing have been incorporated with modern comfort and a simple background to produce this charming and unusual scheme for a small room.

MANY couples never have the chance to start making a home from scratch. They have to build up from a foundation of odd bits and pieces, plus the inevitable presentations and inheritances. Which means that co-ordination is difficult. Of course, assembling any home to-day is a formidable business; but so long as one has ideas, starting at the bottom with nothing can have its compensations. This is assuming, of course, that one wants a home of character, not just a facsimile of all the other houses. At least you can start with a plan. Circumstances may change its shape to some extent before the finished work is accomplished, but the essential character of the place remains.

Originality in decoration should not be confused with eccentricity. A home can be beautiful and distinguished and still be, in every essential, as homely as something more commonplace. The attractive home is like a well-dressed woman—it combines a sense of beauty with a liberal capacity for taking pains. The last factor is as important as the first.

The possibilities of self-expression are, perhaps, small when one's decorative resources are confined to the simplest utility furniture and good fabrics in short supply. At the same time, there is a challenge to ingenuity. Utility furniture can be "dressed up," made, perhaps, to look unlike the utility furniture in the house next door. The rather stark back of a new utility bed could be feminised by drapery or ruching. Armchairs could have pretty, fitted chintz backs and seats. More enterprising home decorators might experiment with painted motifs on drawers and panels.

This is essentially a modern scheme of decoration, but quaintly-spotted wall-paper, draped chiffon curtains and a graceful wing chair have wrought a compromise between the purely functional and the more softly decorative.

Naturally, the basic plan for furnishing will be founded upon personal preferences; upon a taste for, say, a strictly period atmosphere; all-out modernity, or a clever compromise between practical comfort and the gracious delicacy of past styles.

The important thing is to decide between these claims and, having done so, to make a blue-print, as it were, and from there to advance steadily, according to plan.

The general character of the scheme is the first thing to decide. The layout and colouring, with all the incidental points of decoration, come later.

It is impossible, for instance, to achieve real co-ordination if the various small units of the scheme are assembled out of their turn. It is no good embroidering the

Imaginative detail has given this corner of a sitting-room an outstanding charm. The grouping of the pictures and the mirror has been most carefully studied to give a balanced effect with the furniture.

YOUR DOG'S HEALTH

A PLAN . . .

Make a blue-print, as it were, then, character and atmosphere, by basic rules which ensure success.

cushions for the sitting-room before the whole scheme has been planned and every detail matched and harmonised.

As far as possible, choose furniture to fit the room in which it is to live. The most attractive pieces may be disqualified from use in a particular room by reason of their unfitness for its height and breadth. The safe way is to make a floor plan of the room, with careful measurements, and to select each piece of furniture with a view to its potential situation and its balanced relationship with the other pieces.

Whole suites of furniture frequently offer a baffling problem in this connection. Matched pieces are only a convention, in any case, and many of the most successful plans dispense with them in favour of unmatched pieces which adapt themselves more easily to a balanced layout.

In these days of furniture shortage and high prices for matched suites, there is still more reason for a departure from this practice.

Imaginative colour schemes and a careful selection of extraneous decoration give emphasis to character and a vivacity to simple furniture. The inexperienced decorator is inclined to be shy of unconventional colour harmonies, and, in so doing, sacrifices the easiest and most effective means of imparting distinction to simple furnishing.

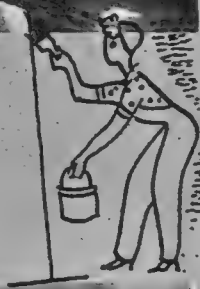
The basic rules are that strong colours should be kept for emphasis and contrast if one is unskilled in their handling. Pastel backgrounds are safe in the smaller type of room, and the colouring of the walls and ceiling should always be lighter than that of the floor, if a correct balance is to be preserved. Bright—even shrill—colours are permissible and often exciting, even in the simplest scheme, so long as they are used in small pointed splashes and not in bulk. For instance, accents of scarlet against a background of cream or pale yellow are lovely, if strictly staccato.

Two-colour schemes are apt to be monotonous. Three or four colours together are by far the more interesting. A pale-blue background, let us say, is enlivened by fabrics of darker blue, with here and there an accent of cerise and, again, violet. Emerald green and rich purple against a background of warm yellow is another distinguished combination.

Experiment is the lifeblood of success in decoration. Break away from the conventional if you want interest in your home. Originality does not interfere with the homeliness which is the primary aim.

An unusual importance has been given to two ordinary divan beds by using a strip of material on the wall. The walls are pale blue, the head-strip and bed-covering light plum, with a trimming of cerise braid.

In a conventionally old-world scheme, it is, in most cases, advisable, on account of overhead beams, dark woodwork and small windows, to use fabrics which introduce light and colour, and in the arrangement of furniture, to avoid overcrowding.



This is an example of sheer glamour, but instructive as an example of the effect obtainable in an otherwise simple interior by the introduction of one dramatic feature. In this case, the window treatment.

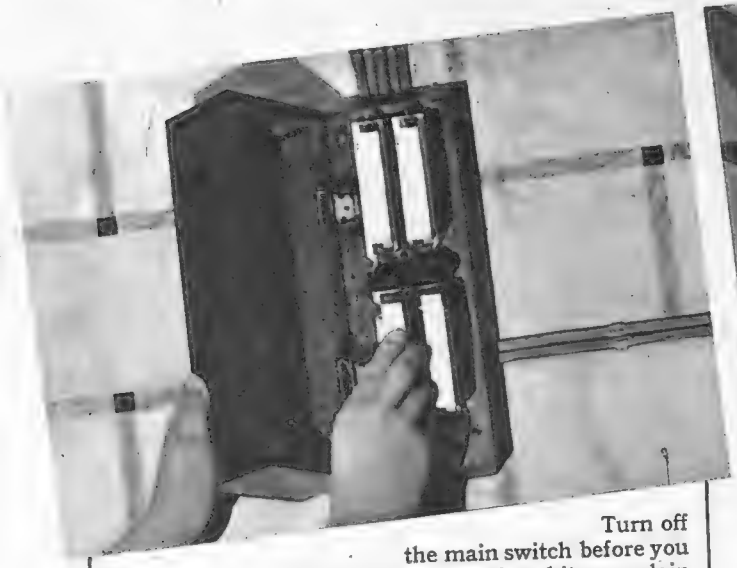
SPRING languor and other minor complaints which come to human beings in the early part of the year visit the dog world too, and for much the same reasons. Changing metabolism, the rigours of a war winter, leave their marks. Dogs, at this time of year, need rather special consideration if they are to approach the summer heat in suitable condition to combat its trials.

Overheating of the blood is one of the commonest ailments. A little sulphur in the water-bowl is a splendid thing to cool the blood.

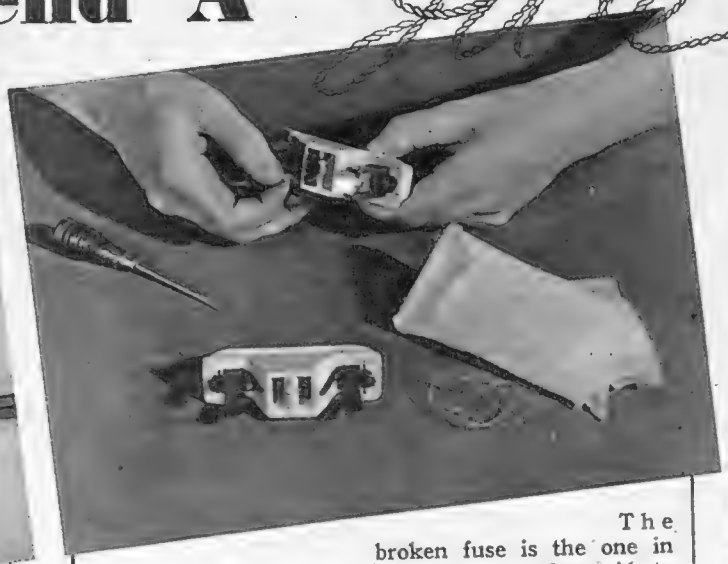
In view of the fact that your dog's diet is almost certainly overladen with starch in these times, it is advisable to give him all the exercise possible. More dog ailments are due to insufficient exercise than to any other cause. In spring, keep the starchy foods down a little. Increase the amount of green vegetable. Refuse him all tit-bits in between meals, however appealing he may be, and exercise him as often as you can.

Swelling between the claws is common just now. Make sure that the claws have not grown too long and, through friction, set up an inflammation. If the claws are all right, try bathing the part night and morning with hot water and a little disinfectant. Stockholm tar, which can be bought at the chemist's, is an old-fashioned standby which need not be ignored. Paint it on the foot, or on any sore patches which may appear on the coat. T.C.P. disinfectant, taken internally twice a day, is a good blood purifier when these sort of ailments appear.

How To Mend A Fuse

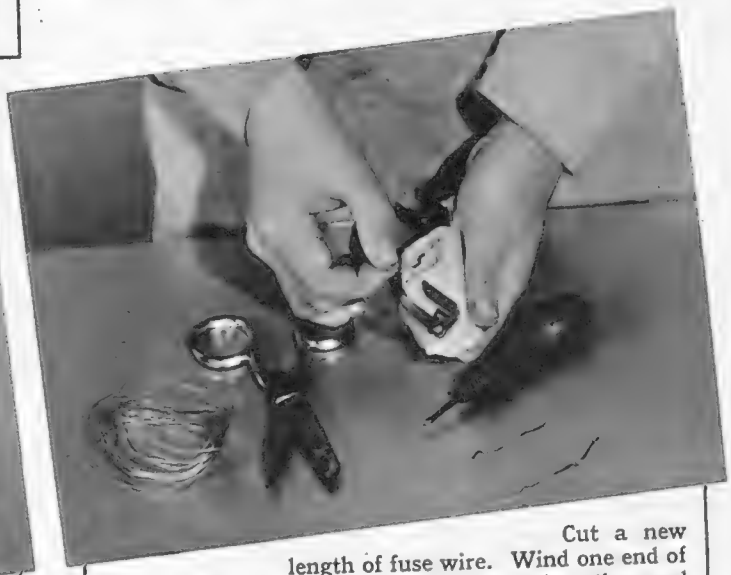


Turn off the main switch before you open the fuse box. Pull out the white porcelain cases from their sockets and inspect them one by one.



The broken fuse is the one in which the little wire which runs from side to side is broken. Pull on the wire to discover the break.

Have the fuse wire ready and, with a small screwdriver, unloosen the two screws at either end of the case to which the wire is attached.



Cut a new length of fuse wire. Wind one end of it around one of the screws. Thread the other end through the tunnel and bring it out at the other end.

Wind this end around the second screw and tighten them both before replacing the fuse case back in its socket. Switch on the current.

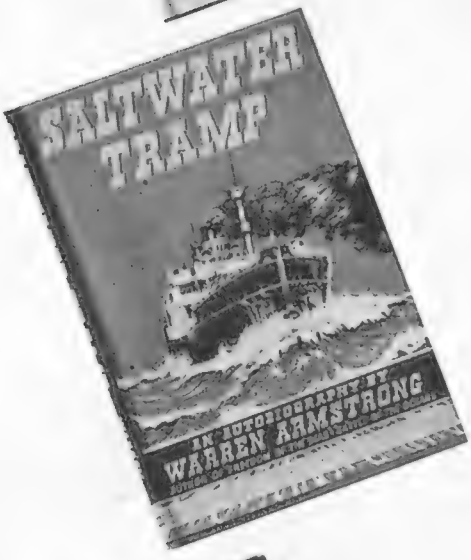
When the fuse case is of this type, the procedure is the same except that the wire is merely stretched across from one screw to the other.

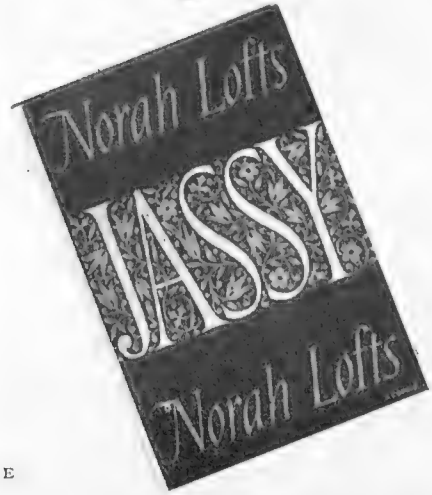
"YEARS OF VICTORY, 1802-1812"

IT may be true that history repeats itself, though not always with the same kind of hiccup. Historian Mr. Arthur Bryant thinks so. In **"Years of Victory, 1802-1812"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) he records how our people—triumphing in turn over appeasement, attempted invasion, an assault on their sea-power, the long enslavement of Europe, and commercial isolation—ringed Napoleon's dominion, slowly tightened it, and then assailed his inner fortress; events the past four years have made strangely familiar. "Because we forget our history we have had to re-live it. We too, have stood where our ancestors stood in Napoleon's day . . . From 1793 till 1815 they grappled with the greatest military power known on earth and slowly wore it down." With such an approach Mr. Bryant revivifies this turbulent period in which England shouldered a seemingly hopeless task, Russia urged a "second front," and Wordsworth was moved to write:

Another year, another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And we are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the foe!

ARTHUR BRYANT





Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

WHAT exactly was the relationship between Elizabeth and the handsome, virile Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester? Did she love him, and he her? Since he evidently saw himself as husband and Consort, did she in turn intend to marry him, or just keep him dangling for thirty years because her virgin soul craved romantic excitement? What part did the mysterious death of Amy Robsart, Leicester's first wife, play in this Court idyll? Was she murdered, at his instigation? All these fascinating enigmas are revived by Mr. Milton Waldman's **"Elizabeth and Leicester"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.), a biography as absorbing as Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex" though graver in style. All we know is that the Queen swore, when she feared she might die, that "nothing improper had ever passed between them," so perhaps the affair was platonic in accordance with Hilary St. George Saunders's definition of the word: "Play for one and tonic for the other." Virgins, whether queens or not, are usually subjects of speculation after a certain age-limit. . . .

It is often the sideshows of a big war which produce the best personal narratives. This is true of "Kingcol," Brigadier Joe Kingstone's column which saved Iraq from German domination in 1941, and the subsequent march on Palmyra in Syria. Mr. Somerset de Chair, who was Intelligence Officer, and severely wounded in Syria, tells the story of its exploits, with Glubb Pasha's Bedouin Desert Patrol, in **"The Golden Carpet"** (Faber, 15s.), and also salutes it in verse. "Joe," he writes, "shared all hardships with the troops and, when water was running low, had kicked Lance-corporal 'bloody' Stammers and his bucket of water about fifty yards when he found that gentleman shaving on the way from Rutbah." Lawrence of Arabia, who wrote of similar adventures, would have read these with glee.

Mr. Warren Armstrong, seagoing engineer, journalist, and chronicler of the Merchant Navy, first heard the saltwater call as a lad in London's dockland. He has lived rough, and known what it is to be down to his last few shillings, with a wife and three youngsters to feed. **"Saltwater Tramp"** (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) is an autobiographical account of his life afloat and ashore, from Africa to U.S.A., from China to Dunkirk. No "steady job" ever appealed to him, he confesses, but he has probably done more hard work as seatramp than most shorefolk achieve in a lifetime. Read this book for its varied adventure, but don't lend it to any restless sea-minded son, or he will be off in the morning. . . .

Has wartime wanderlust ever tempted you to rummage through old French railway time-tables? Mrs. Sylvia Leith-Ross does so in **"Cocks in the Dawn"** (Hutchinson, 6s.); they brought back, she says, "the absurd, lovable, infuriating idiosyncrasies of French officialdom, with which I had so often dealt." She had loved France from childhood; went back there with the Red Cross in time for the 1940 about-turn; writes of country life and people there, in peace and war, with a fondness and skill which will endear her to all lovers of the French scene.

One admires a poet who can tell Mr. Smith, respectable, meek, on his two-pounds-ten a week:

I know there lurk within your brain
eternal things you can't discard:
Roland's courage, Hamlet's pain,
and the love of Abelard . . .

Who, moreover, reminds him: "You, Mr. Smith, can be sublime." But that is the least of Mr. William A. Younger's themes in **"The Dreaming Falcons"** (Hutchinson, 5s.), a volume of verse ranging from Oxford to Carcassonne, prisoners-of-war to prophets, falcons to Pharaohs. He fears not the ripe adjective, nor of rhyming, say, royalty with loyalty, but at least has spiritual ideas, a oneness with beauty, a smooth technique, and can be understood without standing on one's head and making mystic passes with one's feet. (*Continued on page* 64)

"NIGHT AND DAY"

WE are well served by our diarists—James Agate, Charles Graves, J. W. Drawbell, Reginald Pound—who keep journals and make jottings about anybody or anything reflecting the contemporary scene. I know men who are still manœuvring to get into *Ego* 45; on the other hand, there is at least one Savage who hopes to go down to posterity as the only one left out. . . .

A human touch and lively mind play about all kinds of people and topics in Mr. James Wedgwood Drawbell's **"Night and Day"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). He tells us why Lady Oxford declined—at first—to write on **"What Love Has Meant To Me,"** why she refused a U.S. editor's blank cheque for juicy gossip about English society; he writes intimate portraits of A. J. Cronin, Leslie Howard, and others among the illustrious. Also he tells us how to climb a lamp-post—gripping with one calf and one shin, not both calves—and pauses at a bombed site to note that whereas we used to say "I remember when this place was a field full of wildflowers," we can now say "I remember when all this was a place of shops and houses and cinemas and pubs. . . ." This day-to-night record of a world we know is a friendly, stimulating book to browse in.

J. W. DRAWBELL

Answer to a Home Problem–

The Day Nursery System

By Wilma Buckley

A study in concentration

CONTRARY to the popularly accepted sentimental theory, mothercraft, like any other fine art, has to be acquired.

Although it is true that some women are gifted with an innate knowledge of what motherhood entails, endowed with the right temperament and fortunate enough to be placed in suitable economic conditions, they are decidedly in the minority.

In a general sense, most young women and girls—from every section of the community—are unprepared and unfitted for parenthood until they have learnt through personal experience; in many cases, not even then!

It is for mothers and future mothers, as well as for children, that the National Society of Children's Nurseries has developed a plan of child-care and educational mothercraft. This scheme provides, among many other activities, mothercraft centres where expectant or actual mothers can receive the advice, help and training that they require; day nurseries, where mothers can safely and happily leave their children while they themselves are out at work; and the training of young girls as nursery nurses.

These mothercraft centres will provide theoretical training, supplemented by actual and practical demonstrations in nurseries, and are designed for the education of young mothers in all "walks of life"—so that they will be capable of bringing up their children in health and in happiness. It is indisputable that the early foundations of a child's physical well-being and balance of character are, primarily, the responsibility of that child's parents, but only too often the parents are themselves in need of guidance in such matters. This is only one instance of the help that can thus be given by the Society, under the auspices of the Ministry of Health.

Preparing the toddler for the new baby

Bottle feeding. Position should be as near to breast feeding as possible

(On right) Brothers in harmony

Day nurseries for small children up to five years of age are the ideal solution to the overworked mother's problem. Here, the war worker, the business woman, can leave her child—under the care of a state registered nurse and qualified nursery nurses — in altogether delightful surroundings where meals, supervision and play are everything that a child can require. Here, also, the burdened housewife who cannot afford or obtain a helper to look after her children, may let them stay while she attends to her housekeeping and shopping (or even a little well-earned leisure) in a manner which would otherwise be impossible. Wartime exigencies have created a demand for the increase of day nurseries and it is obvious that they will be just as necessary in post-war conditions. Apart from the economic factor—many mothers or widows with young children must earn their living by going out to work—there is also the family housing problem, the possibility of illness in the home (when the mother, if not actually laid up, may not be well enough fully to attend to home-running and care of the children at the same time), and the incessant strain of often having too much to do.

A GREAT deal of nonsense, based on a faulty application of psychological facts, has been written and spoken during recent discussions on day and residential nurseries. It is argued that children should not be deprived, through being placed in these nurseries, of the family life that is their natural inheritance, and that maternal love and care are vital necessities to each and every child. This is a totally misapplied statement of evident truths, since the nurseries are supplementary to home life, *not* a substitute, and are intended to create easier conditions in the home by relieving the mother of what may threaten to become, at times, a burden—leaving her freer to bestow an undivided and happy affection on her children. Family life can hardly be a success under conditions where the mother is worried and overworked, subject to constant nervous strain, and too tired to take any carefree pleasure in the company of her children. The value, to a woman so placed, of a whole day's "holiday" once a week—with her child or children in the safe keeping of a day nursery — is obviously inestimable.

With regard to the training of young girls as nursery nurses, this is not only

(*Continued on page* 67)

ON DUTY AND OFF

For the first time in five years I have been given perfume: and three different makes, no less. A bottle of Chanel Russian Leather from Paris; a bottle of Lanvin Arpege from Brussels; and a bottle of Heather from England. The most intriguing part of the French perfume is the wrapping. Tissue paper and cellophane, outer cardboard box and inner cardboard box, the tinsel cord and little stamp are all exactly as they were in pre-war days.

The English perfume is enchanting. It has the freshness of heather and the tang of the salt sea breeze. And so it should, because the original experiments as well as the final formula for this scent were carried out at sea by a Lieutenant Commander back in 1940. This particular Lieutenant Commander happens to be a director of a firm famous for its lipstick, face powder, bath essence and perfume, and it is strange to know that one of our newest perfumes should have been "born" at sea among the U-boats.

Jane Gordon

A BATH can be a tub-and-scrub affair or it can be sheer luxury. For a tub-and-scrub bath on duty you may have to walk some distance. The bathroom will likely as not be ugly, draughty, and full of steam, so that while you are scrubbing yourself your bath towel is becoming damper and more clammy. For lowering the morale, nothing surpasses a lukewarm bath on a cold day. Every moment you linger in it you become more miserable and know you will be covered with gooseflesh when you get out. Any bath will be ruined by a slimy sponge, coarse soap, and a damp bath mat, or when you know that other people are waiting to get into the bathroom the moment you leave it.

On Duty

The luxury bath is quite a different story. When you get off duty you can make your bath a deliciously dreamy prelude to a long night's sleep, or it may be a glamorous prelude to a party. A bath can be as stimulating as a cocktail or as soothing as a good body massage.

Although a rubber sponge is impossible to get now, there are still a lot of bath preparations to choose from. For glamour, use a bath essence. I know where you can get Cheypre, Cologne, Lavender, or Lilac for 7s. 6d. or 12s. 6d. a bottle. Ebe bath powder is still on the market at 11s. 5d. a bottle, and the matching dusting powder costs 5s. 7½d. There are three scents available in bath powder and dusting powder—night-scented stock, forest fern, and Omar. Another deliciously smooth bath dusting powder costs 4s., or 7s. 1½d. for a large drum. Perfumed bath salts are on sale at most chemists and in the cosmetic departments of large stores, at various prices according to the quality.

IF you have come off duty and most of your muscles ache, and your feet feel like two great lumps of misery, Pine Bath Essence and Nujoy for the feet will pep you up as nothing else can. The Nujoy costs 2s. 3d. (this is a powder bath salt), and almost every chemist's shop, or the cosmetic department of any large store, sells Pine Bath Essence or powder of one sort or another.

SOME women like to turn their bath into a slimming treatment. There are slimming salts which cost 2s. 1d., and Epsom salts in bags price 2s. 6d. But it is foolish to expect to streamline your figure by baths alone. The slimming baths must be combined with diet, exercise, and plenty of fresh air.

Those nasty little muscular scrunches and twinges that seem to nestle in the shoulders can be soothed by special bath salts which include wintergreen, iodine and capsicums; and the pine preparations can also be listed as curative. The La Toja mud salt soap is still on sale, price 1s. 4d. for a one-coupon tablet, and 2s. 3½d. for a two-coupon tablet.

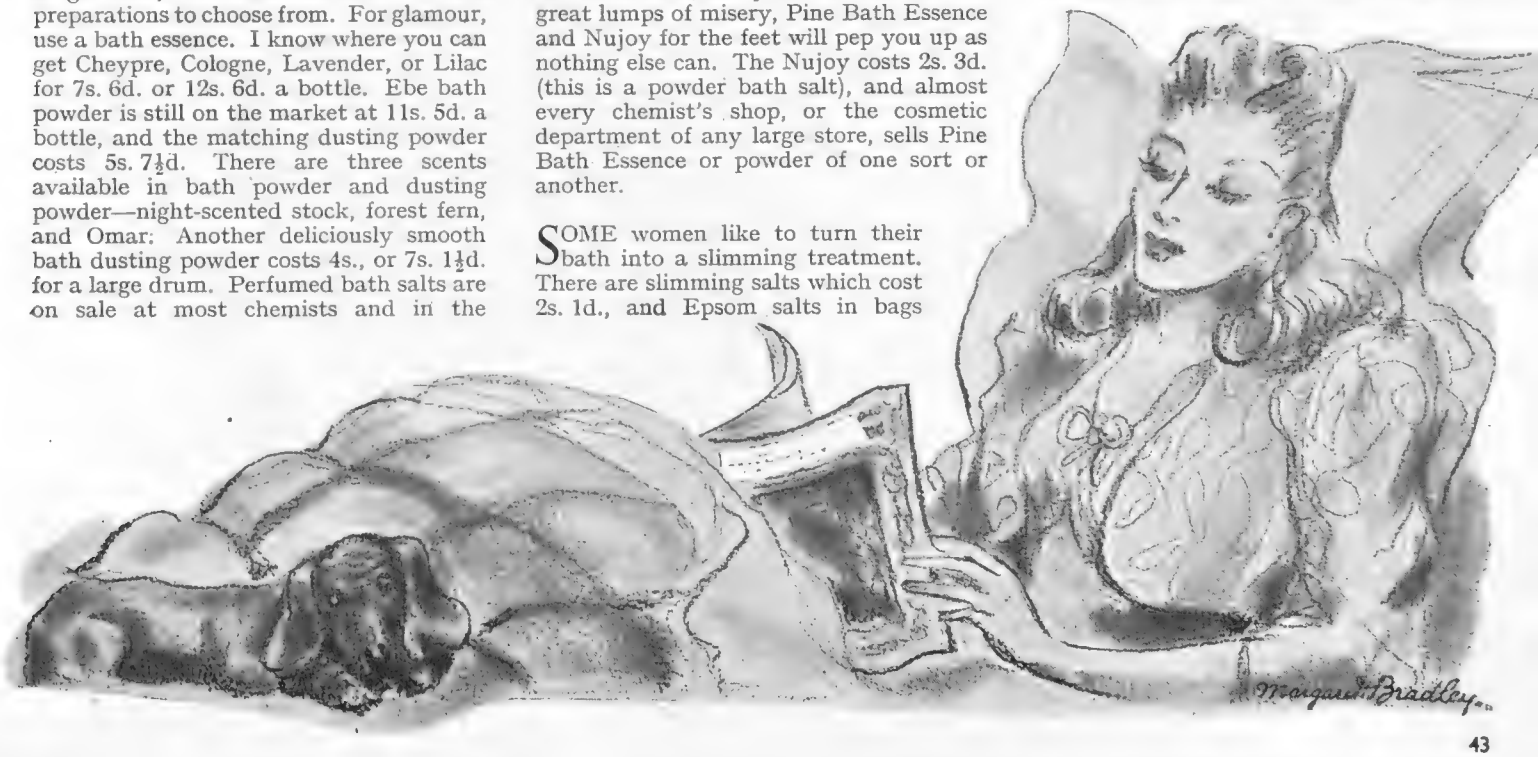
ONCE upon a time I had a list of addresses where you could get almost a hundred different kinds of baths and beauty treatments. Now I have a list of nearly a hundred different baths and beauty treatments which are no longer available. Even so, it seems worth while listing those which are still to be had. There is a small but very efficient beauty parlour in the Brompton Road where you can get a body-reducing course of six treatments for £2 17s. 6d.; ankle reducing, 7s. 6d. a treatment; course of six, two guineas. Hand massage here costs 7s. 6d.

Off Duty

A famous specialist in physical therapeutics has kept his clinic open through the whole war. He gives the best body massage, either local or general, that you could ever hope to find.

Not long ago a young actress, who had been given an important leading part in a new film, needed her hips streamlined. She was sent by the wardrobe mistress to have a course of treatments, and within a few weeks an inch and a half had been pummelled away.

During the cold winter months, when your skin gets dried out, nothing is more delicious than a general body massage with olive oil. Various types of baths are still available at this clinic, including soapless foam baths, which are just as slimming as the wax bath or the Turkish bath. You can also get here the Vichy Douche, Scotch Needle and Needle Spray, as well as ultra-violet radiation and the Vitalux Lamp (*Continued on page* 67)



U-Neck Pullover

MATERIALS

6 ozs. of "Sirdar" Super Shetland 3-ply in dark green ; 4 ozs. in light green ; 1 pr. of No. 9 and 1 pr. of No. 12 knitting needles ; 7 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 21½ ins. ; from top of sleeve to lower edge, 25 ins. ; across back underarm, 17 ins. ; across half front underarm, 9½ ins.

TENSION

7 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With dark green wool and No. 9 needles cast on 109 sts. Rib for 1 in., k. 1, p. 1. Continue in the following pattern : **1st row.**—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 2 ; rep. from * to end of row. This one row forms pattern. Work for 5 ins. from the cast on edge. Change to No. 12 needles and work for 1 in. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 9 needles and work in pattern, inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row, until 121 sts. Work without further shaping until 14 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 97 sts. remain. Work for 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONTS

With light green wool and No. 9 needles, cast on 55 sts. Rib for 1 in., k. 1, p. 1 rib. Work in pattern until 6 ins. from the cast on (*Continued on page* 66)

Two-Colour Jacket

MATERIALS

8 ozs. of Patons' " Beehive " Fingering, 3-ply ; 1 pr. of No. 12 and 1 pr. of No. 10 knitting needles.

MEASUREMENTS

From top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins. ; sleeve underarm 19 ins. ; width all round underarms, 34 ins.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 ins. for No. 10 pins.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 108 sts.

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 2 ; repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—P. 1, * k. 2, p. 2 ; repeat from * to last 3 sts., k. 2, p. 1.

3rd row.—* P. 2, k. 2 ; repeat from * to end.

4th row.—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 2 ; repeat from * to last 3 sts., p. 2, k. 1. These 4 rows form the diagonal rib. Work for 3½ ins., change to No. 10 needles, and continue in stocking st. (1 row k. 1 row p.) inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 126 sts. Work without further shaping until 13½ ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 98 sts. remain. Work 5½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 38 sts., cast off 23 sts., work 38 sts. Work on the last 38 sts. for 1¼ ins. at the same time casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of every row at the neck edge until 15 sts. remain. Cast off. Return to the first 38 sts. and work to correspond.

THE FRONT

Work as for the back, until 12 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE NECK

Work 50 sts., cast off 26 sts. Work 50 sts. Continue on the last 50 sts. for 13½ ins. from (*Continued on page* 66)

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

Further details of these clothes on application

Extreme Left

Corroborating the new feeling for softer tailoring, a gorgeous suit in royal blue tweed, dramatized by a black yoke, and black scroll trims.

Left

Full bishop sleeves on a scarlet woollen coat, prepossessing break-away from the conventional top-coat silhouette. The yoke and sleeves, cut in one, contrive a pliant, rounded shoulder line. Suit and coat from Jaeger.

Right

The elegance, the hundred per cent rightness of black, brilliantly expressed in a fine woollen two-piece, with a narrow skirt, a basqued top. The bind and front tie are of black poult. Dereta.

Extreme Right

Even our old family friend, the shirt-waister, surrenders its asceticism to the more lenient influences which prevail. In a pale chartreuse Rodier woollen dress, the skirt pleats are stitched flat, then hang loosely, the lively belt is of many coloured leather strands. Percy Trilnick.

Savories

Make these appetizing lunch or supper dishes from sausages, cheese, rice, vegetables, a tin of fish or so

DERBY TOAST

CHEESE FRITTERS

Melt 2 oz. of margarine in ¼ pint of water; remove from fire, and mix in well 3 oz. of flour. Stir until a stiff and smooth paste is obtained, replacing over the flame to ensure the proper absorption of the flour. Let cool, before beating in 2 reconstituted eggs and, finally, 2 oz. of grated cheese. Drop teaspoonfuls of the mixture into hot fat and fry quickly on both sides until brown. Serve sprinkled with grated cheese or with paprika.

LIVER CANAPES

Chop 3 oz. of liver sausage, add ¼ pint of milk, 1 dessertspoonful of chutney, salt and pepper to taste. Cook, while stirring, until it thickens, and spread on freshly-made toast. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve very hot.

PIQUANT SAUSAGES

Fry as many sausages as there are people and when nice and brown remove from the pan, let cool, and cut into thin slices. Make a sauce with margarine, flour, concentrated meat extract (1 cupful of sauce for 3 sausages), add salt, pepper, paprika, and Worcestershire sauce, to taste.

Arrange the sausages on crustless buttered toast, cover with the sauce, and brown quickly under the grill.

SALAMI RISOTTO

Allow 2 slices of salami per person; chop finely. Chop also, but separately, 1 small onion per person, and fry until golden brown. Add to the onions 2 cupfuls of rice, mix well, and pour over 1 cupful of concentrated meat stock (meat cubes and water). Let simmer, and when the liquid is absorbed, add more stock; and so on until the rice is cooked. With the last lot of liquid add the salami. Serve grated cheese separately.

DEVILLED PASTE SAVOURY

Fry as many pieces of crustless bread as you need and cover with the following mixture: 1 tablespoonful of smoked salmon paste, 1 of scrambled (dry) eggs and 1 teaspoonful of mustard powder. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and leave for 5 minutes in a hot oven.

ANCHOVY TOAST

Spread some anchovy paste evenly on crustless slices of toast; reconstitute 2 eggs with milk instead of water, adding 1 tablespoonful of grated cheese. Pour the eggs into a saucepan with a nut of melted margarine; stir until thick. Spread over the paste, and leave for 5 minutes in a hot oven.

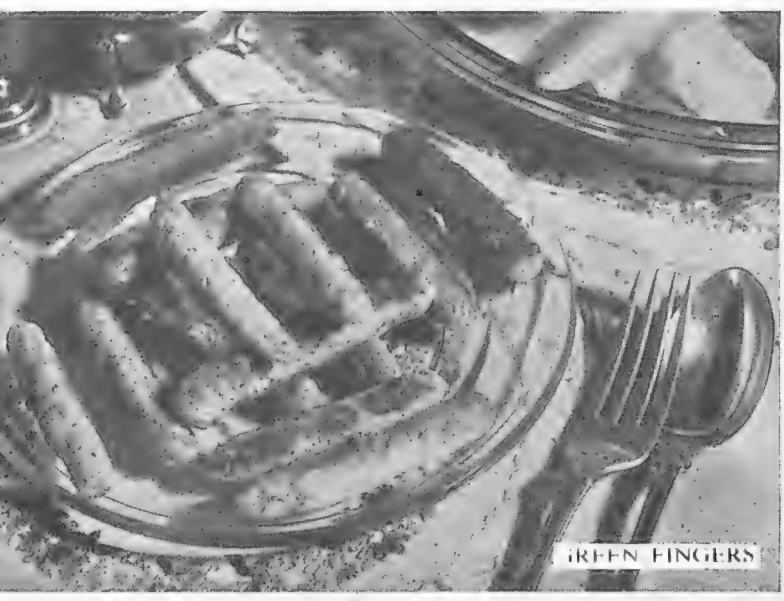
COLD SALMON TARTLETS

Mash the contents of a small tin of salmon with enough salad cream to make it creamy. Mix well with a little very finely chopped parsley and fill individual tartlets previously made with a good puff pastry.

SMOKED COD'S ROE SANDWICH

Beat with a fork an equal part of thick white sauce and smoked cod's roe. Cut in half, and remove some of the crumb of as many fresh rolls (not crusty) as required, fill with the mixture and serve either cold or heated up in the oven.

This makes an excellent filling for a savoury loaf useful at a buffet supper. In that case you cut the top off a round loaf,


GREEN FINGERS

Stale Bread . . .

Makes New Snacks

ORIENTAL PANADE

Fill ¾ of a soufflé dish with alternate layers of crustless bread, ½-in. thick and soaked in milk, and slices of cheese. Place 1 oz. of margarine, in a lump, on top, and pour over 3 dried eggs well blended with 1 cupful of milk and thoroughly beaten. Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in a medium oven for 40 minutes.

GREEN FINGERS

Put 2 eggs (dry) in a bowl and mix with 4 tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, 4 of chopped parsley, 2 of milk, salt, and pepper. Form into small fingers and fry quickly in boiling fat.

These make an excellent addition to a main dish composed of mixed vegetables.

NURSERY FAVOURITE

Put 4 oz. of crustless, stale bread, 1 cupful of milk, and 2 oz. of margarine into a saucepan; let simmer, stirring occasionally with a fork, until a paste is obtained. Reconstitute 3 eggs and beat well with 3 oz. of sugar. Add to the paste with 2 oz. of cocoa (not chocolate powder), mixing well. Put in a well-greased pudding bowl and steam for 1½ hours.

COLD SALMON TARTLETS

scoop out practically all the crumb, fill, replace the top, and cut slices as required.

MOCK CRAB

Take any quantity of cheese (Cheddar preferred), and pound it well with mustard, salad cream, cayenne pepper, and salt. This should be mixed to the consistency of the cream of a crab. Add ½ pint of shelled shrimps, and serve in a crab shell of any ornamental dish garnished with thin slices of pickled cucumber.

DERBY TOAST

Scald the contents of a tin of sardines; remove the skin and bone, pound with a tablespoonful of margarine. When smooth, add a teaspoonful each of Worcestershire sauce and anchovy essence, half a teaspoonful of vinegar, and a dusting of cayenne. Stand the basin containing the mixture in a saucepan of boiling water and stir until well mixed. When cold, spread over water biscuits or toast, garnish with lettuce or Russian salad, and serve.

LITTLE CUPS

Grate 3 oz. of cheese and mix well with 1 teacupful of breadcrumbs, 1 of milk, 1 well-beaten reconstituted egg, salt and pepper and 1 oz. of melted margarine. Fill small individual moulds and bake in a medium oven for 15-20 minutes.

RICE AND BACON COQUILLES

Boil 3 oz. of rice in water for 5 minutes, strain, and reboil in 1 cupful of milk until the liquid is absorbed. Season to taste. Grease some shells, half fill with rice, spread thickly with chopped, fried bacon, add more rice, and finally cover with margarine shavings. Brown in the oven and serve immediately.

Fish . . . . Some Interesting Changes from the Usual Steaming and Frying

DEVILLED FILETS

Put 2 lb. of any white fish in cold water and when boiling remove and strain. Skin and bone, and cut the fish into neat filets. Replace in a saucepan with 2 oz. of margarine and 1 gill of milk; let simmer for 20 minutes. Add mustard, pepper, salt and paprika to taste, and, finally, 2 cupfuls of cooked rice well washed in cold water. Add a little milk if necessary, and serve as soon as the rice is hot.

SALT COD PANCAKES

Prepare the usual pancake batter and fry on one side only; making about twelve. Have ready 2 rounds of salt cod, well soaked if the fishmonger hasn't done it already, cooked, skinned and boned; also 1 lb. of sliced fried onions. Mix well together, and fill a soufflé dish with layers of pancakes and fish, spreading the fish on the uncooked side of the pancakes and keeping back one of the latter for the top layer. Leave for 20 minutes in a medium oven.

FROZEN COD PUDDING

Bake 1 lb. of potatoes in a hot oven, and when cooked, scoop out and pass the potato through a sieve. Mix it with 2 lb. of cooked, boned and skinned frozen cod, adding salt and pepper to taste, 2 oz. of melted margarine and 2 reconstituted eggs well beaten up. Shape the mixture into the form of a fish and bake in a hot oven for 20-30 minutes. Serve with a brown onion sauce.

FISH CUTLETS

Boil 2 lb. of any fish for 20 minutes; strain and just cover with milk. Let simmer until the fish has absorbed the liquid. Skin, bone and mash well, adding a cheese sauce made with 1 oz. of margarine, 1 oz. of flour, 1½ cupfuls of milk or fish stock, 1 oz. of grated cheese and 1 egg (dry). Shape into cutlets and fry on both sides until brown.

SALMON CHARLOTTE

Cut enough thin slices of crustless bread, the size of a finger, to line a cake tin, having previously dipped them in melted margarine. Fill the lined tin with the chopped contents of a small salmon tin to which has been added an equal part of cooked macaroni. Cover with a liberal amount of margarine shavings and leave in a medium oven until the bread is crisp and brown.

BAKED SCALLOPS

Cover as many scallops as required with water; add a pinch of salt and pepper, and let simmer for 30 minutes. Strain, keeping the liquid. Fill a fireproof dish with the scallops, sprinkle liberally with breadcrumbs and pour over as much of the liquid as the breadcrumbs will absorb. Cover with margarine shavings and bake in a hot oven until brown.

By Harriet Muir

SALMON CHARLOTTE

SALT COD PANCAKES

By LOUISA KAY

"He's Never Like This At Home"

THIS is a complaint with which every mother will sympathise.

"Best behaviour" sometimes puts socially competent adults on tenterhooks! So it is small wonder that children just starting to go out and about turn difficult.

This business of "putting on an act" when you take your child out to visit or to dine in public can be shattering. In fact, it has some of the features of a hold-up, since the time and place make it almost impossible to take measures of restraint, without increasing the publicity which heaps coals of fire upon your humiliation.

But, to be fair to the children, one cannot reasonably hope to introduce them all at once to social habits, without some reaction. The thrill of new places and new people must have an unbalancing effect upon children accustomed only to quiet home surroundings and the company of a few familiars. It is only fair to work up gradually and first to reproduce the social conditions of the outside world, as far as possible, at home.

These first social experiences are a sounding test of your system of discipline. If the child defies you and gets away with it at home, you are almost certainly in for a bout of defiance when the occasion gives him the whip hand. If he senses your discomfort and unwillingness to make a scene in public, you have lost the battle at the start. Don't blame him. Blame your own failure to establish the understanding that orders must be obeyed, wherever you happen to be.

A few scenes in the privacy of your own home are worth bearing with until you have convinced your young rebel that what you say goes.

Real discipline doesn't stop and start. It becomes second nature. A child may argue about a command if he doesn't appreciate or understand the reason for it; that is as it should be, but militant defiance will be out of the question.

It pays to take good conduct for granted. Not, as many mothers do, to anticipate trouble and to put ideas into receptive young brains by saying: "Now you *will* be good, won't you, and *please* use your knife and fork properly, and don't touch anything when we get into the shops." This sort of challenge is as irresistible to some children, as to many grown-ups.

Bad behaviour at table when you are eating out is more often than not accounted for by the sheer novelty of a setting and implements that the child doesn't see at home. If your little one is used to eating in his own nursery or alone with you, you must reckon with the impact upon his sense of vision and touch of a table formally set with accessories and decorations.

At home perhaps he eats with a spoon and pusher, drinks from a mug and probably never saw a condiment set on the table. If he is not familiar with grown-up implements at home, you must expect some violent reaction when he meets with them at other places.

Of course he wants to play and experiment, and perhaps go a little crazy with the novelty of it all. Let him grow familiar with these things at home. He will probably put pepper into his pudding, and play havoc with the knives and forks out of sheer exuberance for the first time or two, but he will soon take them for granted when you eat out with him.

But even the best system of discipline and the most careful preparation for society can avoid the show of egotism that the first social appearances will bring. At such times the only reaction for the mother is one of unruffled calm.

The thrill of public scenes is stimulated for the child by the spectacle of his mother's helpless anxiety. Convey the impression to the child that he is merely making himself ridiculous and not disturbing you, and the storm will soon subside.

Persistent outbreaks in public may call for a little studied disciplinary action at home. This should come after the incident, not in any spirit of angry reprisal, but as a quiet reminder that gangsterism doesn't pay.

'Celanese'
TRADE MARK
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of Coupons

The whale sails the seven seas
His words of good advice are these:
For health, make WRIGHT'S *the constant rule—*
They taught him that at whale-school!

For over three-quarters of a century Wright's Coal Tar Soap has remained the favourite soap for family use and in nurseries and schools. Today its cleansing and protective properties are also specially appreciated by members of the forces on service at home or abroad.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PRO INTEGRITATE CUTIS

Wright's
Coal Tar Soap

MAKE WRIGHT'S THE RULE FOR THE TOILET AND NURSERY

The Condition of England

(*Continued from page* 15)

area known as the United States. *Most of these people put no roots down whatsoever.* They have no background! They owe no allegiance to any county or town. They haven't even got the balancing force of any *classes*. They move horizontally, all over the U.S.A.; they move vertically—swiftly up (and just as swiftly down) through all the different strata of American life. *That's* what the American soldier has got to come back to!

You can easily see the difference between us and you. And it is you that I am talking about; for one reason, because I made my choice long ago and have my *spiritual home*, at least, in this country. Although physically, as a bird-of-passage, I never knew where I would dare have the effrontery to call a place home.

As an American, I'm a great believer in traditions—your traditions. I think a big British business man can be just as much of a stinker as those we've got. No doubt about it. But I do know that you had trade unions, with the right to organize to bargain collectively with their employers, sixty years ahead of us, in this country, and that to-day, as I write this, most of infuriated Big Business in America is still trying to fight against the rapid rise of *organized* labour in America, and loathing Roosevelt chiefly just because he was the man who gave the American working man the *legal* right to force his employer to bargain with his union: the famous Section 7-A of the National Recovery Act, 1933.

I think a large part of the social services in this country comes from the Englishman's sense of fair play. Labour and Capital have never been as embittered in England as they are now in my country. In the "Hungry Forties" in England, perhaps conditions were better and freer in the America of that time—because we had not got mass industry then—and an English worker from the Midlands was perhaps right to emigrate. But since 1886, after the horrible Homestead Strikes, when Andrew Carnegie (Scot) began to put in man-saving machinery—deliberately, as he declared, to *handle* the labour-problem—the American labourer, of whom it was customary to receive a fresh supply from Europe every year, has been treated like just so much raw material to be used up. With no sentimental nonsense!

Listen to this: as late as 1920, the workers in the vast U.S. Steel Corporation were working a twelve-hour day—with a man-killing "stretch-out" *of twenty-four hours continuous work every two weeks*! Judge Gary, chairman of the huge U.S. Steel Corporation (whose boast was that "U.S. Steel has never lost a strike!"), told President Harding, in refusing to order the eight-hour day, that "Abolition of the twelve-hour day in the steel industry is not feasible, as it would add 15 per cent to the cost of making steel and would require 60,000 additional workers."

Or to put it the other way: "If we can go on making our steel workers work for twenty-four consecutive hours every fortnight, we will make 15 per cent more money than we would if we accepted the eight-hour day." And U.S. Steel, as it happened, was not forced to change to the eight-hour day until after President Harding's mysterious death.

The British may have wondered at some of the strikes in the United States during wartime; well, there's one of your answers. It also explains why the Political Action Committee of the C.I.O.—the other big trade union organization in the U.S., aside from the A.F. of L.—should have worked like beavers to elect Roosevelt again, and why organized labour will be a strong political factor in every American Presidential election from now on. (I think the P.A.C. re-elected Roosevelt this time!)

What does all this add up to? First, England is in for certainly not a fat time of it after this war finally ends. But *inside England* there will be more gentleness and decency in the relations between employers and employed than there will be in America. The Englishman, therefore, need not look forward into the future with so much fear. The spirit of the country is on *his* side—the side of man—not on industry's. England has learned many moral lessons in this war; a real spiritual advance has taken place. The co-operative spirit which has incontestably so distinguished England's effort in this war will, *to a large extent*, mark the tough days of peace.

I expect all hell to break loose in the United States—that is, if the Big Business Barons behind the Republican Party have not yet learned their lesson: that you can't hold back the wheels of progress. The epoch of the ruthless capitalist is ended.

Here, in this little island, I see a great many good things ahead. That might sound surprising. But I am not an emotional critic; in fact, for years I prided myself on (what I thought was) a hard-boiled realism. Well, if it has been boiled it has stewed long enough; and all the ingredients of the lessons I have learned in England have gone into the pot—something like twenty-eight years of England!—and I think that the spiritual advance which Britain has incontestably and so gloriously made in this war, will be her greatest *power* in guiding the post-war world.

END

The Job . . .

(*Continued from page* 13)

by people who think that a man with a job to come back to at the old place is uncommonly lucky, and will necessarily slip back into it with a sigh of relief. The bankers had been working on this when-the-boys-come-home problem. They seemed not to have been very successful or happy about it. Advancement in a bank is slow, very much slower than in the wartime fighting Services. Some of their young men had been away five years. Could they be taken back into the same jobs they had left? It would be easier if thirty or forty of the senior men were retired before their time—but that was an awkward solution.

A had been promoted in X's absence at the war. A could scarcely be demoted, but how would X feel about it? And in what sort of mood would some of those younger men come back anyway?

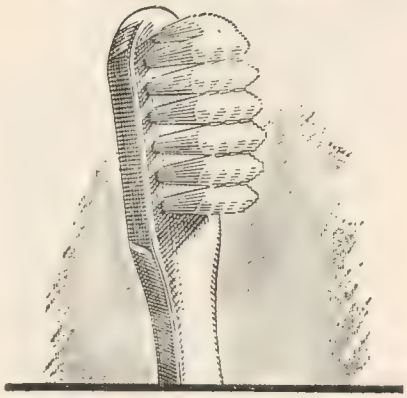
"I've been wondering about that on my own account," said the elder of the two bankers. "I had young C in my office—old C's boy, you know, a very nice young fellow. He was in the Territorials and he went out early. He was a lieutenant at Dunkirk, but now he's a lieutenant-colonel, in command of his battalion. He's in his 'twenties still. It's not going to be very easy for me to ring for young C and asking him kindly to bring me Form A."

"It's a great pity," remarked the other, "that the qualities that get a man on fast in war don't mean very much in peacetime. I'm afraid there are going to be a good many misfits."

Reflecting later on this conversation, it occurred to me that these professional men, thoughtful, kindly, in their late 'fifties, were over-anxious, looking at things through the lenses of their own cautious temperaments. Here was a youngster who had started in a bank (doubtless in father's footsteps), and left as a junior clerk—really not much more than a glorified office boy. In five years he had risen from platoon to battalion commander, the equivalent of a rise from clerk to bank manager, which would take about half a working lifetime. Yet his elders and bank superiors were assuming that he would return to the bank like a homing pigeon to its nest. It seemed to occur to neither that possibly in the war he had found the kind of "nerve" which breaks a man out of a family or traditional rut.

(*Continued on page* 52)

EVERYBODY WANTS A...



Tek

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FOR WHITER AND BRIGHTER TEETH

B.14

Peggy Sage hopes...

that her polishes will become available in the not too distant future. Many of the ingredients essential to the making of fine polishes are also essential in war industry, but as peace draws nearer it is possible that small supplies of these components may be released. The Peggy Sage salon continues to give its clients every possible attention.

Peggy Sage

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I tried to picture him. I thought he would be quiet, pleasant mannered, with a clear, orderly mind, strong nerves, a lean and wiry body, reliable, steady, courageous. He would make a good large-branch manager in middle-age. But wouldn't his qualities be rather wasted? What else could he do?

He might obtain a commission in the post-war Army. The British Army will need young, practical officers who have proved themselves in war and earned their promotion on the battlefield. After the last war, the Army was not as keenly alive to that need as was the RAF. A lean youngster with a beaky nose joined up as a motor-cycle dispatch rider in 1914. He transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, rose from observer to squadron-commander, liked the life, and applied for and was granted a permanent commission after the war. His name was Portal, and now he's Air Marshal, a baron, and the RAF's head man.

Or our successful soldier might migrate. An authoritative survey last year disclosed that about one in ten British soldiers want to migrate after the war, although I dare say few of them have positive plans, or know just where they want to go, or what they want to do. It's not a new mass phenomenon. Every war, unrooting men, awakens in some of them the old restless migratory urge.

Migration is not so easy. You can't walk into and out of countries as you like these days. The United States rations migrants severely. You can't walk into any foreign country and seek or get a job, just like that. Labour unions object. In some countries you can't buy land, though in most you can lease it. If you have some capital, you can go into business in most lands, alone or with a national of the country as partner: capital, new enterprise, being something that few governments choose to discourage. But with all the difficulties, it's astonishing how barriers can crumble before "nerve" plus enterprise—qualities which war sharpens.

Our bank-clerk-colonel might set up in business for himself. I have been impressed by the number of soldiers and airmen who have told me that they intend to go into business for themselves after the war. Some of them know what they are doing. With others, it's just an emotional urge, and I expect a lot of them will fail.

The most popular business of which the warriors rumbling through slush, or sweating under jungle sun, have been dreaming, is ownership of a small hotel, pub or cafe. I won't depress the reader by listing the snags of the hotel business for the amateur hotelier. Garages and shops seem to come next. I know a stockbroker, a gardener, and a sewage-farm pumping-machinery tender, all invalided out of the army, who have started greengrocer shops, and so far have been successful. A former artilleryman has started his own four-piece dance band, in which a discharged naval ack-ack gunner, formerly a sweep, plays the drums.

And then there are the men who are going into the flying business—they hope. I say "hope" because post-war commercial aviation, although being planned on a giant scale, is going to take time to develop, and for years won't provide jobs and careers for anything like the number of pilots, navigators, and ground crews, not to mention the engineers and technicians of the great wartime aircraft factories, who want to go into civil aviation, and are qualified technically for the job.

Not all these want a job with the big commercial air lines. Many are thinking of finding an opening in private flying—an American air correspondent tells me that in the U.S. air fleets over here he finds the majority, who plan to stay in flying, want to get into private flying.

There are likely to be disappointments here again, for although private flying is bound to expand after the war, it is unlikely to attain the proportions of motoring for a long, long time.

Ex-officer Herbert Buckmaster, who had been a professional punter, then a bookmaker, emerged from the war to found the highly successful Buck's Club. Ex-officer Critchley went into the greyhound racing business—it started on a shoestring, £5,000 put up by four or five men who thought they were on a mad gamble and never dreamed that within a short time the business would boom, so that £1,000's worth of original shares would fetch £40,000. Critchley has moved from "the dogs" to post-war civil aviation. Ex-officer Edward Molyneux, who could draw a bit and was interested in women's clothes, made some sketches, hawked them around the fashion houses, sold them, and then founded his own business, which soon became one of the leading fashion houses. Ex-officer Fielding Eliot, who fought in the Dardanelles, went to America, started to write, and built himself into the leading American military expert.

One could fill many pages of this magazine with stories of the men who came out of that war and either changed their jobs and achieved success, or started out in business from scratch and made a fortune and sometimes achieved fame as well. If one added the men who had done war work at home, the list would be much longer. One example illustrates. A man in the coach-building business, who had been importing American cars and trucks for the Army, after the war risked his money in the circus business. He made a new fortune, although he knew nothing about circuses when he began. His name was Bertram Mills.

There is no reason why history should not repeat itself in the new-job field after this war. The opportunities are there: indeed, they are bigger, more varied and numerous. Old leaders and key men are tiring, retiring or dying off. Many businesses have got fat and lazy, or thin and timid, and are ready to be pushed over by bold and enterprising newcomers. On all sides new ideas, new methods—in radio and films, in transportation and communications, in making things, selling things, doing things—have arrived, or are germinating.

Thus there seems every chance that the former pattern of new opportunities seen and seized, new and more satisfying jobs sought and found, new ways of life tried and found good, will be woven again by the present generation of fighting men streaming back from the battlefields.

END

Germany's Stronghold of Paganism

(*Continued from page* 16)

life in virtue of community of blood. An opening loudspeaker harangue said some of the foregoing. Then we passed to purification by fire. More ejaculations, and then a ballet by Hitler Maidens in flowing white. After which they killed a white goat and took a blood oath on the proceeds. And so it went on, on the Brocken, that Walpurgis Night nearly eight years ago.

Why drag it up now? I'll tell you. If the Harz Mountains set in the heart of Germany are sacred to the Nazi Pagan cult, they are also athwart the way from the Rhine to Berlin. They rise roughly half way between Essen and the capital, link between High and Low Germany and natural rampart guarding Prussia. Entirely isolated and rising abruptly from the plain on every side, the Harz measure some sixty miles in length by twenty across, in all 800 square miles.

The Upper Harz could constitute a formidable obstacle indeed, being composed of an irregular series of terraced, rock plateaus, rising here and there into rounded summits, and intersected by numerous narrow, deep valleys and dark wooded ravines. The Brocken is a granite mass 3,800 feet high and from its observatory one can see as far as Magdeburg and the Elbe, Leipzig and the immense Thuringian Forest. But it is only one of several peaks. And there are quarries and mine galleries in (*Continued on page* 54)

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However well a youngster may be, even though he eats like a horse and never has a cold, it's still essential for him to have cod liver oil every day of the year, if he is to go on enjoying good health as he grows older.

Ensures sound bones and freedom from colds

The reason for this is that cod liver oil develops resistance to infection and so keeps a child free from coughs and colds. It also helps the body to build calcium, which ensures sound, sturdy bones, and prevents rickets. That's why the Government has made cod liver oil available for daily consumption to all children under five.

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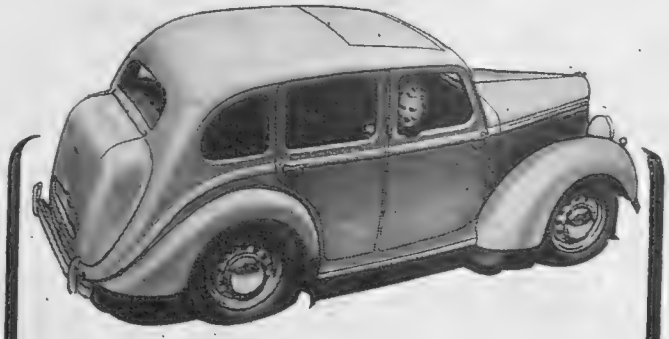

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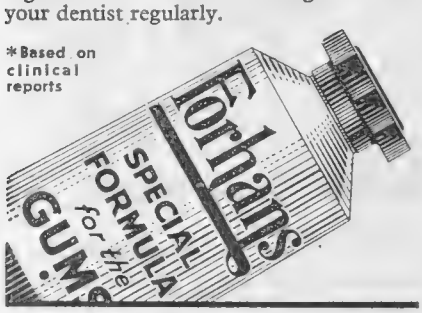

Good News for Women of Action

Special efforts that have been made to meet the growing demand for Tampax are now achieving success and retail supplies are increasing rapidly. Real good news for women, who are working harder than ever before and cannot afford 'off days.' Tampax (*worn internally*) gives them full freedom of action *all the time.* Safe, simple and convenient, Tampax alone has the patented stitching process which ensures instant and complete removal.

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quantity—just the sort of thing for storing supplies and munitions, even for fashioning weapons new and old.

The quarrying is of marble and granite and the mining is of lead, copper, iron, sulphur, alum, arsenic, and even a little gold. The deepest shaft, the Samson, goes down 2,800 feet. In addition, huge drainage works intersect the Lower Harz, which used to be a delightful summer land of forest and streams, tinkling cowbells and old-world townlets with fanciful names. The nearest towns are Halberstadt and Goslar. In sum, the Harz form just the kind of pre-ordained "hedgehog" position that the Nazis might hang on to to the last, alike for their Pagan associations—and their unique bastion value.

The Harz really rate between the French Central Massif, which was the surest and largest hide-out of the Maquis, and the Isteiner Klotz and Black Forest combined, which confront any army attempting to advance eastwards between Bâle and Baden-Baden. In fact, this description of the Isteiner Klotz could singularly fit the Harz: "It consists of a mountain height dominating the plain of the Rhine, thoroughly mined and bristling with heavy artillery. Together with the thickly wooded mountains of the Black Forest, it constitutes an obstacle which can almost completely block any operation designed to roll up the front from the south along the Rhine."

Germany's Stronghold of Paganism

Imagine the Harz put in a bristling state of defence, plus those domes and underground facilities, and you have a replica on a more formidable scale, which might be capable of blocking for quite a while any move on Prussia and Berlin by the direct route across the northern plain.

The Nazis have allowed a lot to percolate about Hitler's reputed intention to make the last stand of a sort of holy war in the Obersalzberg and neighbouring Austrian Dolomites. But nothing has been said about the Harz, last stronghold of Paganism in Germany, to which the real ruler, Himmler, is attached as a foundation member of Nazi neo-Paganism, and where he could lavishly store munitions and military stores over which he has sole say. It was to the Harz that Rossbach went with his dread Feme Court after the last war—most savage of several guerilla forces carrying out their own executions—and it is at least worth guessing that something along similar but much more formidable lines may be booked anew for the Harz, that a considerable portion of Nazi Resistance could hinge on just such a harsh, compact mass covering the road to Berlin.

Odder things could happen than that the Nazi beast should go the way of that goat on the Brocken.

END

Time In A Wooden Case (*Continued from page 25*)

divided the day into four equal "tides." A few sundials of that time are still to be found scattered about the country. Perhaps the best known is the one at Kirkdale, in Yorkshire. Daglington Church, in Gloucestershire, also has a Saxon sundial, though poor in comparison with the one at Kirkdale.

IT was not until the blacksmith took a hand in the making of clocks that the days and nights were divided into twenty-four hours of equal duration. Mechanized clocks first appeared in Italy early in the fourteenth century, but it was not until about 1370 that they were first made in England. Like all first attempts, these iron clocks were clumsy, cumbersome things, driven by a weight suspended from a drum. The pendulum did not appear until the seventeenth century. A few of these iron clocks are to be seen in that magnificent home of rest for early efforts—the British Museum, but a few still pound away the hours in the places where their proud makers fixed them. The amusing clock in Wells Cathedral is perhaps better known to our Allies from America than to our own folk, for no European tour is complete without including a sight of the mock tournament in the cathedral that takes place there every hour.

When clockmaking ceased to be merely a sideline of the blacksmith's art and became a craft needing specialized skill, Thomas Tompion revolutionized the industry by perfecting the balance spring. This enabled watches to be made flat and able to be carried at all angles. Tompion was born in 1639, the son of a blacksmith in Bedfordshire, and opened a shop at the corner of Blackfriar's Street (then Water Lane) and Fleet Street. In 1703 he became Master of the London Clockmaker's Company, an honour that was well merited, for he never made an inferior clock or watch. The story is told of someone who proudly showed Tompion a watch reputed to have been made by him. Tompion, recognizing a fraudulent imitation, took a hammer and, before the astonished face of its owner, smashed it to atoms. Then, with unperturbed courtesy, presented him with one of his genuine watches.

Tompion's grandfather clocks never went for less than eight days without being wound. Some went for three months, and even longer. Lord Mostyn has in his possession a Tompion clock that only needs winding once a year. The family has kept a record of every person who has had the honour of winding it for the last century.

The faces of Tompion's clocks were usually of mercurial gilt, with hands of finely worked steel. A small boudoir clock, given by Charles II to his beloved Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine, was set in mercurial gilt charmingly ornamented with scrolls and floriated balls.

Clocks are still occasionally made with small balls, or bullets, on an inclined plane that turns every minute. Was the King's clock made on this pattern, or did it drop the bullets in regular succession? We shall never know.

A seventeenth-century grandfather clock made by John Pepys, said to be a relative of our cheery diarist, is simple in design with a glass lunette in the door. Marqueterie inlay was used about 1700 to decorate the cases of clocks—a fashion which did not detract from the design and must have pleased the fastidious householder.

No article on clocks could be complete without a few notes on Big Ben—perhaps the most famous clock of all time, at least the one whose chimes are heard in more parts of the earth than any other clock. Few connect the irritating pips that strike such a discordant note during our radio broadcasts with a real clock, though they are transmitted from one at Greenwich. It is housed in a basement, a useful, neither dignified nor impressive situation, but one which prevents any vibrations or outside distractions reaching it. This pip-pipping clock also controls Tim, the Post Office clock, which is a familiar friend to all Londoners.

Big Ben, as it is wrongly called, for that is the name of the bell on which the hours are struck, is quite a juvenile, as it is less than ninety years old! It was originally made to be wound by hand, a stupendous task, for the weights weigh nearly two and a half tons, and it needs winding three times a week. Now it is wound by electricity, but the handles remain to tell of the time when muscular service was of paramount importance. Each of the minute hands of Big Ben are fourteen feet long and weigh two hundredweight. In the course of a year they travel a hundred miles, for the space between the minutes is twelve inches, and the dials measure twenty-two feet in diameter.

The lighted lantern above the clock face shows when Parliament is sitting, and is not extinguished until it adjourns. It was a happy thought when the B.B.C. suggested that all with dear ones in distant lands should unite in thinking of them when Big Ben strikes nine in the evening.

END

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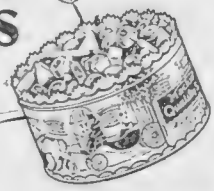

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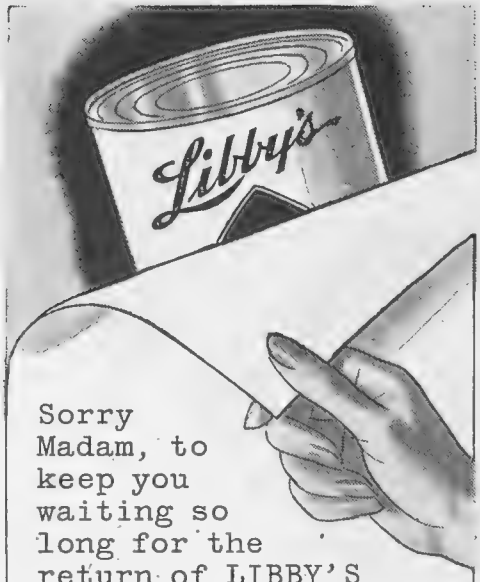

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The Leaf Was Gold

(*Continued from page 12*)

"Yes, I suppose it all seems as simple as that to you. Don't you *know* what it is to . . ." She stopped. Tact had always been her long suit, and for a second she feared she might be losing her practised touch. "I do feel such a beast for bothering you about this. But I've always brought all my troubles to you, haven't I, Charles darling? I believe you'd even set my hair for me and give me my bath if I asked you."

"Yes, I would," said the Brigadier. "Most certainly," he added, after a moment's thought, with the ghost of a grin on his leather-coloured face.

CECIL BARING, who had been wandering all day in a long-forgotten Wonderland of his boyhood, and attending very ill to his business, came round to the flat at about six o'clock, and, rather to his annoyance, met Charles Moore on the doorstep. They looked at each other with a politeness born, as the French would say, "from the teeth outwards."

"Going in?" said Charles.

Cecil would have liked very much to reply "Oh no, just climbing over the roof," but he restrained himself. Long practice in a solicitor's office had trained him to a hair's-breadth of self-control. He disliked this wooden-faced, china-eyed fellow. He was old enough to be Alyce's father, anyhow. What business had he hanging around her the way he did? Though after all, one couldn't blame him.

They were admitted, and told that Mrs. Grierson was still out, but that she had said that if either of them called, they should come in and wait for her.

"Charming flat, this," said Charles, letting his long form drop into the depths of a man-size armchair.

"You could hardly expect anything else," said Cecil.

"By Gad, no. I suppose you couldn't."

There was a silence, during which each man lit a cigarette, and amenities passed about matches. Finally Charles looked up from what appeared to be a pleasing vacancy of thought, and said bluntly: "You're in love with her, aren't you?"

"Well, aren't you?" returned Cecil, and for the first time his very attractive smile shone out in all its sincerity. Charles answered it with something equally genuine and likeable.

"I am," he said, "but that's quite beside the point, because she's turned me down dozens of times, starting when she was about eighteen."

"Filthy luck," said Cecil, tingling at the thought of the lips that had lain beneath his own last night, and the breath of lilac (Houbigant, pre-war, and not much of it left) about her hair.

"We—e—ll," observed Charles, staring straight before him, and speaking with a certain effort, as though choosing his words, "when it really is love, you know, one . . . doesn't think all that about oneself. One wants *her* to be happy."

"I haven't reached those heights," admitted Cecil. "I want that, of course, but I have the gall to think that I can make her happy, and no one else."

"You may quite easily be right," agreed Charles. "I'm going to test you."

"Test me?"

"What does marriage mean to you?"

Cecil thought. Unlike Charles, he was never at a loss for words. Words were, so to speak, his daily bread.

"It means being always with her," he said at length. "It means a home with loveliness and comfort in it. And of course, it means children . . . a son of my own . . . or more than one maybe. I take it it means that for any man?"

"Quite," said Charles, in his clipped "Poona" manner. "This is where we come to the milk in the coconut. Some folk might call me a swine, but what I'm doing I'm doing to save her from trouble and misery, and from a dam' difficult situation. As I remarked before *I* don't get anything out of it. I've asked her to marry me as lately as last week again, and she turned me down . . . so dismiss that idea from your mind. How old do you think she is?"

"I know. She told me last night. Thirty-two."

Charles shook his ash into an ashtray of milky-pale porcelain.

"She's forty-six," he said.

"I don't believe it," retorted Cecil, after the tiniest of pauses.

"Don't, then. Ask her."

"But she looks about——"

"Doesn't she? Being so fair, and having that wonderful skin, I suppose. And of course, her figure's like a girl's."

Cecil let his own cigarette drop into his ashtray, and lie there stenching, a thing he abominated as a rule.

"Good God," he then said.

There was another long silence. At length Charles said: "Now you see what I mean about loving her. She's eight years older than you, and . . . those imaginary sons of yours will never materialize. Well?"

Cecil buried his face in his hands.

"I've got to think . . . I must think."

"Quite," said Charles again. "Well, I've done this for her, because I knew she'd funk doing it herself. I do most unpleasant things for her," he added rather artlessly, as one making a belated discovery, "but this, I think, is quite the worst of them up to date, because both you and she are liable to misunderstand, and think I'm playing for my own hand. But she couldn't have carried the thing through, she's too honest really, in spite of that little fib about her age. Well, I'll take myself off. You don't have to account to me one way or the other. If you want to stay here and tell her you know, and it doesn't make a hoot of difference . . . do. If you want to slink out after I'm gone . . . do. It's nothing to me either way, except as it affects her."

He rose, and without further farewell, took his hat and left the flat, letting himself out.

Cecil Baring sat quite still where he was, his face grey, his eyes dark with misery. He was no romantic boy, and he realized exactly what marriage with a woman eight years older than himself would mean. He wanted her damnably, and yet . . . did he want her? Forty-six! By the time he was in his forty-second year, she would be fifty.

In all his life he had never felt such a complete and utter hound as now. He rose, and moved to the door on tiptoe, edging noiselessly down the passage, opening the front door and passing through, as silently and as invisibly as the ghost of his own dream passing from him for evermore.

Alyce, on her return a little later, heard, something to her surprise, that the two had been and gone. Had they quarrelled? Oh well, one or other, if not both, would ring her up. She ate her simple evening meal, in a delightful little house-coat of delicately printed chintz, her curls brushed behind her ears, her eyes dreamy and thoughtful. She was still completely undecided as to her future line of conduct. Cecil's arms still held her in her reminiscent dream, his lips still possessed her own, her heart thrilled to the thought of him. After all, why should she tell him? She didn't look her age, or anything like it. Yet her own stalwart honesty slapped her into practicality even as she dreamed. Was it fair to Cecil? Was it right?

Right? Were right and wrong nothing but words for children to build into brick houses and then push over? Of one thing she was certain, that if she chose to keep silence, she lost Charles's friendship for ever. He knew her well, her small faults, and her ways good and bad, but he would never tolerate this. A world without Charles in it . . .? It was difficult to picture.

The telephone rang.

"Oh, Cecil, my dear . . . Yes . . . Yes, I did wonder a bit . . . He told you *what*? . . . Oh!"

There was a pause; perhaps until that moment Cecil himself (*Continued on page 58*)

To-day these hands have Victory in their grasp. To their inborn skill the nation owes its priceless air supremacy. To-morrow this same skill, heightened by five years' devotion to the nation's cause, will turn to the making of the future's finest cars.

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had been desperately hoping against hope that she might fling the charge contemptuously back in his face. But after that pause she proceeded, her voice dead and flat.

"Well, now you know. I don't suppose you still want . . . oh yes, I forgive you. Don't worry . . . Don't be absurd . . . Of course I shall forget it. I quite understand. It was very wrong of me to lie about it. All women do, nearly. You know enough about them to know that, Cecil! We had . . . one very lovely evening, didn't we? . . . No, nor shall I forget it. That's all right, Cecil. No malice borne on either side." Her practised and perfect touch was as light and assured as ever; his heart twisted and wrung even while he firmly held to his chosen course. What a wife she would have made! God, why hadn't he let her lie to him all round the clock if it amused her? Who wanted sons anyway?

"But of *course*, my dear. Come and see me any time you like. I shall be delighted. And . . . a little bit surprised too, Cecil. Good night. *Bonne chance.*"

She hung up, knowing that she would never see him again. Then she rose, wandered over to the mantelpiece, and stared into the glass.

"I'm old," she thought. "How I hate being old."

"BRIGADIER MOORE," announced the elderly handmaiden.

"Come to gloat?" asked Alyce, aware that her eyes were wet. "You've won. I shall never see him again."

The Leaf Was Gold

"Confess," said Charles, "that it's a hell of a weight off your mind. You'd never have been able to keep it up."

"I don't want to be old," said Alyce, her voice breaking.

"Oh, I d'no," argued Charles cheerfully. "Something rather pleasant about it really. Leaves turning gold, you know, and all that. What?"

"You are an idiot," said Alyce, mirth glimmering through her tears. "Oh, I know you're right, Charles, but I . . . I'm *so* lonely. Just at the moment I feel I've had it, as they say."

Charles took her by the hand and placed her on the settee.

"If loneliness is all the trouble," he said, "you can deal with that here and now. What about marrying me? I shan't ever ask you again after this. This is your last chance, so take your time. I've always done everything for you and got you out of all your messes, so I may as well keep on to the end. It would be much easier if we were in the same house . . . save a lot in telephone calls."

"Do you love me, Charles?"

"Yes," said Charles, and left the word unadorned.

"Even though I'm forty-six?"

"I'm fifty-three myself. Don't yatter. Yes or no?"

"Yes," said Alyce.

END

Glamour

(*Continued from page* 28)

said Simon. "But there you are, some chaps have all the luck and they don't know they're born."

Josephine sighed.

"Don't sigh like that. It's not in character!"

"What *is* in character, my poppet?"

"Nonsense, and lots of it. Gaiety's one of your chief charms for an old man like me!"

He laughed complacently, knowing that he looked young for his age and that he had an unbroken line of triumphs behind him. He tipped a finger under her tip-tilted nose, jerking back her head, then narrowed his eyes at her, still smiling, in a way calculated to recall numberless tender scenes, countless intimate moments between them. The trick worked as it always did with every woman he had ever been interested in. It had become second nature. Josephine's face with its creamy white make-up and crimson lips softened and lost its look of brittle sophistication. Her eyes were melting and dewy between the mascaraed lashes.

"Penny for them, darling?" she said.

"I was just thinking how lucky I am to have you to come to at the end of a long day's work." He put a hand on hers and patted it. "Now drink up your gin like a good girl and we'll have another, and then we might push off to Josef's. What d'you say?"

"I wish we could meet every day, always." Josephine forgot her drawl, her mannerisms. "I wish I'd found you earlier, Simon darling. Why is life like that? I look forward to six on our days too. My eye's on the clock at that hellish office all the time. Blast Mr. Bevin!" she sighed again and sipped her gin reflectively. "You're such fun, Simon. And Alec—Alec's so serious. Such an obvious respectable solicitor. He's so regular in his habits. He must dine at 7.45 and he never kicks over the traces. You know, a couple of sherries before dinner at the outside, and that's being rather a dog! Then dinner, generally at home. He's such a *home* boy!"

"It's strange how we have the same problems, you and I, isn't it?" said Simon. "Don't I know just what you mean, my sweet? Margaret's like that, poor old girl. Full of ideals about the world and what it should be like. 'Fraid she'll never grow up. Why, we used to talk all that stuff when we were subalterns. And nothing's changed. Nothing at all. It's no good trying to reform the world. The best thing you can do is sit back and enjoy it before you're blacked out."

Josephine watched him, kept catching his glance, holding his eyes. What a contrast with Alec! she thought. Poor, dreary, dull, well-meaning Alec! Simon had such good manners! He always knew when one wanted a cigarette, or a drink, or a window opened or shut. And he fell in so with one's moods. He was charming whether gay or serious. He looked so nice in his uniform to be seen with, too. They made a good pair, she knew. People gave them second glances in the streets and stared enviously at their happiness in the discreet restaurants they frequented. If only it could be open, and forever!

Another thing she liked. Simon's good humour was consistent.

"I've often wondered, Josephine," said Simon, "what ever possessed you to marry Alec. You were twenty-four then, weren't you, six years ago? And all the choice in all the world before you, obviously. I know he's the salt of the earth and all that, but not your type, not your line of country at all."

Uncanny it was how Simon knew what one was thinking.

Suddenly she felt irritated. "I think we'll leave Alec out of it," she said. "He has his points, you know. In fact he's rather a *lamb*. I don't know what I'd have done if he hadn't turned up when he did. I'll have one more drink and then I'll be off." She looked at her watch. "I said I'd be in for dinner. I'm supposed to be at the flicks now with Julia."

Simon chuckled, completely unashamed. "All right, all right, my sweet! Who pitched in on poor old Alec first, though, you or me? Answer me that! Be fair! And now you'll kindly ring him up and tell him you're going to have a bite—with Julia. You can't spoil my whole evening like that! Leaving me in mid-air! Selfish little beast you are! Besides you've just promised me to dine at Josef's."

It was eleven o'clock before Josephine kissed Simon lightly on the lips, leaving him concealed in the taxi to drive home, and ran up the steps of the house in Bryanston Square.

"Sorry I'm late, darling, but you know what it is! I fell in with a lot of the crowd at Julia's and stayed around having drinks."

She tossed her bag on to the sofa.

"Had a good time?" Alec was sitting in a deep chair, relaxed, with his feet on another, a book on his knee. Beside him on a small table stood a decanter and a glass of whisky. His pipe was drawing nicely. He looked solid, reliable, comforting. Josephine felt a sudden surge of warmth towards him. She stooped and kissed him on the brow.

"Been lonely?" she asked.

"Um?" he grunted. (*Continued on page* 61)

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"I've been all right. I wanted to have a look at this new survey. Nice film? Julia in form?"

"Not so bad." But she felt somehow that it had been an unsatisfactory evening, as she so often did when she'd been out with Simon. But she'd see him for half an hour to-morrow and then it would all be different. It always was the minute he was with her.

"What sort of a day did you have? Anything interesting?"

"A bit depressing." He pulled evenly at his pipe and turned the book over on his knee. "Lot of folk in trouble as usual. I never seem to get hardened to it, even after all this time. One thing got me down in particular. I wish I hadn't got a name in the firm for understanding women's psychology. Like a beastly fashionable doctor. That's what Spink seems to think I am. A beastly psychoanalyst. He's pushed me into a packet of miserable cases on that score. Though I must say this one sought me out herself."

"What was it this time?" She laughed, thinking how little Alec knew of her psychology. How little he really knew of life in general, and women in particular!

"Oh, it was nothing really. Just a middle-aged woman with a philandering husband. Like us reversed," he grinned. "I'm a middle-aged man with a philandering wife!"

"Alec!" She jumped up from the arm of his chair.

"I take it all back," he said. "You're very jumpy! Can't I tease you, Josephine?" There was a pause. "Do you remember that fellow Blandford we met at Julia's cocktail party about six months ago? I think you had quite a pow-wow with him?"

"Why yes, I think I do, of course," she hesitated. "What of him?"

"Well, it was his wife who came to see me this afternoon, poor body!"

"Good God!" Josephine's eyes widened and darkened in alarm, but Alec went on unconcernedly putting a match to his pipe.

"What did she tell you?" Josephine steadied her voice.

"Oh, just that Blandford's gone off the rails with some glamorous blonde for about the twentieth time in as many years. She doesn't know who it is, but she's got a photograph. She's going to have him watched, and go through with it when she's got legal evidence. Pretty sordid, isn't it? Not a Spink, Spink and Bretherton case though. I'm going to fix her up with a suitable agency in the morning. We'd never touch a show like that, thank God!"

"Did she show you the photograph?"

"No. I suppose she didn't want to make him suspicious by taking it away. The plain-clothes boys will have to go and view it when he's out."

"What was *she* like?"

"Worn out. Looked years older than she is. Embittered. Shabby. I should think she was a nice, intelligent, attractive girl too, when she was your age. That's what a professional cad can do to a woman!"

There was a depth of feeling in Alec's tone. Josephine sat on the sofa and closed her eyes for a couple of minute.

"I think I'll take a stroll round the square, Alec," she said. "Bit of fresh air before I turn in wouldn't do me any harm. You go on up. I'll be with you in ten minutes."

She thought Simon would never answer the telephone as she stood drumming her toe against the side of the telephone booth. At last he did.

"Whatever is it, sweet, ringing me up at this ungodly hour, and at home too, you know——"

She cut in: "Listen, Simon. This is serious. Margaret knows."

"Of course she knows. Do you think I'd have married a fool? Have you brought me downstairs just to tell me that?"

"No, listen to me, Simon. Will you listen? She's starting divorce proceedings. She's going to have you watched."

"Well I'm damned! How d'you know?"

She told him.

"Does she know it's you?"

"No. Only she's seen that photograph. What a fool I was to give it to you! How could you leave it lying around?"

She was infuriated to hear his laugh. "Now come, my sweet, don't lose your sense of proportion. You're worked up. There's no need to be alarmed. I'll square her. I'll talk her out of it by to-morrow. You'll see!"

So! No suggestion of letting Margaret go ahead. No thought of being free to marry me now the opportunity has presented itself, she thought. My God, I must have been mad! Infatuated!

"Don't you worry," he continued. "I'll soothe her down. She's in love with me you know, poor Margaret, heaven knows why! Always has been. Always will be. I'll have to give her a bit of a break. I expect she's feeling neglected. I'd better be cutting along back to bed now. I'll give you a ring. Good-bye, my sweet. And thanks for the tip!"

Josephine in the morning had no need for the creamy white make-up. She was a natural ghost. If only she could be lucky, if only she could get out of this scrape—never, never again, she vowed.

Alec always read *The Times* at breakfast, and in the morning he retired behind it as usual. When the telephone bell rang he jumped up, but Josephine was quicker.

"Who is that? A client?" She put her hand over the mouthpiece and called: "It's for you. Won't give a name. Woman client. Says it's urgent."

Alec took the telephone, and Josephine hovered by the dining-room door.

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Blandford. No, no, that's all right! No trouble at all. We've finished breakfast. You just caught me. . . . Oh! . . . Oh! . . . I see. . . . Yes of course, I understand. . . . He did? . . . Well, I hope he sticks to it. . . . Yes. . . . Quite a coincidence. . . . You hadn't told him? . . . Afterwards? . . . I see. Shook him a bit, what? . . . Well, I'll do nothing then. . . . Of course, we'll forget all about it. . . . Yes, I know he's a damned good man at his job. Oh yes, he's a worker all right! . . . No, no, wouldn't hear of it. Glad I was able to have a talk with you. You didn't waste my time. Not at all. Good-bye, Mrs. Blandford, and good luck!"

He sat down behind *The Times* again.

"Well?" Josephine was trembling all over. "What did she want, Alec?"

"Um? Oh, she's dropping the case, that's all." Alec took another helping of marmalade and turned to the third leader.

"But what was the coincidence you said?"

"Just that Simon's had another of his eleventh-hour repentances the very night she'd made up her mind to get rid of him. I think she was wondering if I'd put him wise. But *I* obviously couldn't do that, could I? Would have been most unprofessional. Any way he's promised to give her a real break this time. So *he* says. Take *her* around for a change. Buy her some new clothes. Poor thing, she's fallen for his bluff again. She said it was enough for one member of the family to have the glamour. Well, I suppose he must have something, the swine! If you'd seen her yesterday as I did you wouldn't have believed anything could change her mind. She was so bitter. So unhappy."

"Oh, I'm glad," Josephine heaved a great sigh of relief. "I'm so glad. It's the best thing for her to stick by him after all, isn't it? No one else would. Perhaps he knows that. I wouldn't in her place. She must be a forgiving soul, or completely under his thumb. He's killed her pride! And from what you told me last night he always goes home to roost in the end, doesn't he? The cad!"

"Yes." Alec smiled and wiped his mouth with his napkin, brushed the crumbs from his waistcoat. "Yes, he always goes home to roost in the end. It's about the only wise thing he does. And if you'll cancel your cocktail date with—Julia—this evening, I've got tickets for the Coward first night. Time we two stepped out a bit together, don't you think?"

END

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Sparks Was A Lady

(*Continued from page 19*)

scattering feathers of spray across the well-deck as the ship's bow slapped the short waves that were racing across the Atlantic swell.

"A grand night," said the captain's daughter.

"Aye," said the mate. He did not take his eyes off the ship ahead and his tone was brusque.

"I thought maybe you'd like to hear the news."

The mate still stared ahead. "That can wait," he said. Like everybody else on board he was avid for the latest news as it came through but he wouldn't show that to this girl who was causing him more trouble than all the rest of his duties put together.

"You can write the usual two copies and post one in the saloon and one forward."

"You don't seem anxious to hear the news."

"I have a job to do and it doesn't make it any easier having women aboard."

"It's not easy for me either. I thought you might consider that too."

A faint flare of temper was rising between the two of them.

"You could have stayed ashore."

"But I didn't, and you might have the decency to make the best of it."

The mate stared into the moonlit night and his lean face set into deeper lines. "You're the radio officer aboard this ship and you have your own quarters and your own duties. Keep to them and we'll not quarrel."

"If you have any complaints about my job you can make them to the captain, but as for being a girl that's my own affair and none of your business."

With that she turned and went to the starboard companionway and the mate stared after her for a moment. He would like to have seen a man talk to him like that and he was angry with his own powerlessness to deal with this bit of a girl. Then as quickly he pushed the thought from his mind and turned his eyes back to the sea. If ever the submarines were going to strike they would do so on nights like this with the moon high in the sky and the Irish coast only a day away.

BUT the submarines did not strike. They were too busy the next few days making suicidal attempts to interfere with an invasion armada and during those few days the whole convoy was touched with an electric current of excitement and anticipation. Every bit of news was gobbled up and radio officers during those few days were mobbed day and night for every snippet of news they picked up. On the *Beaver Lake* Sparks, like all her sex, knew how to get the last ounce out of any morsel of gossip, and she spread her snippets of news with a cheerful disregard of rank and duty that smoothed out the strained atmosphere on board as if by magic or as if her own personality had won out over the effect of her sex on the men. But Mister Brady had to get his news at secondhand or from the regular notices posted in the saloon. Mr. Brady also had to swallow the fact that she had by some miracle turned a grim ship into a happy ship with no thanks to him. Nothing of which helped to make him sleep better. The final piece of news seemed to be known all over the ship before the captain himself called him in to hear it.

"We're diverted, John," said the captain. "It seems we have an important cargo. They want these new bed-spring rocket guns we've got below and since we've got nothing but them and their ammunition they've diverted us direct to the beachhead."

So it was that in the early hours of a summer morning in a heavy haze that hung over a calm sea the S.S. *Beaver Lake* dropped anchor off the French coast in the midst of a scene that might have seemed like the confusion of Babel, but that through all the lines of craft of every tonnage and through all the scurrying movement of barges and motor-boats there ran a theme of order. The crew crowded to the rails and the officers, including the radio officer, lined the bridge, their ears caught by the heavy roll of battle sounds from the coast and their eyes straining to see what could be seen. The landings had been successful and the main battle had been pushed inland. Engineers were working frantically to clear the clogged harbour that was to be the tunnel for supplies, but in the meantime lighters and barges were hurrying between freighters and the shore and other streams of barges were emerging from the haze after a channel crossing. Beyond the coast, great columns of smoke were rising and above the ships the air was full of the roar of aircraft of every kind with no sign of the enemy.

But the sight-seeing spell was short. A naval motor-boat pulled alongside, a young lieutenant climbed aboard, saluted the captain and asked for Sparks. He showed no surprise at her sex but gave her a sheet of instructions about signals and wave lengths and emergency action and sent her right away to twenty-four hours duty a day until the ship was cleared from the beachhead.

Then he turned to the mate about the cargo, and already lighters were being brought alongside.

THAT day was a hectic day with every one so busy at their immediate jobs, winches rattling, hatches open and crates swinging up from the hold and over the side into bobbing barges. Nobody noticed Sparks buried with her earphones listening only on the allotted length for cryptic messages that meant little to her and to no messages with her own key signal. Only once did she emerge to remind someone about her food. The crew and officers were eating where they worked and she hurried to the galley to pick up what she could. There she ran into the mate, his face sweat-streaked, snatching a bite.

As soon as he saw her he said: "Get back to your radio. You had your orders."

"But food——"

"Get back. I'll bring it."

But he didn't. He called a boy and sent him along. By the end of the day a miracle had been achieved, the same kind of miracle that was being achieved on most ships in sight, two holds had been emptied and every one was dead tired when word came that the ammunition holds would be unloaded through that same night.

And that night a sneak raid came through with the enemy planes gliding in from a great height and releasing brackets of rockets from mast height, rockets that could not help hitting something in that crowded night, and one rocket hit the *Beaver Lake* under the bridge. There was a rending crash and vivid flash and then the licking flames. There was a calm voice of a naval officer shouting through a megaphone telling all lighters and barges to cast off, ordering the captain to stand by for orders, but there was no captain in sight. He had been on the bridge. Old Angus came tumbling up from the engine room and found the mate with his trained and ready fire-squads in action with the deck hoses.

As the Chief came to the mate, Sparks came running up. Her face was deadly pale and drawn with weariness.

"Orders, sir."

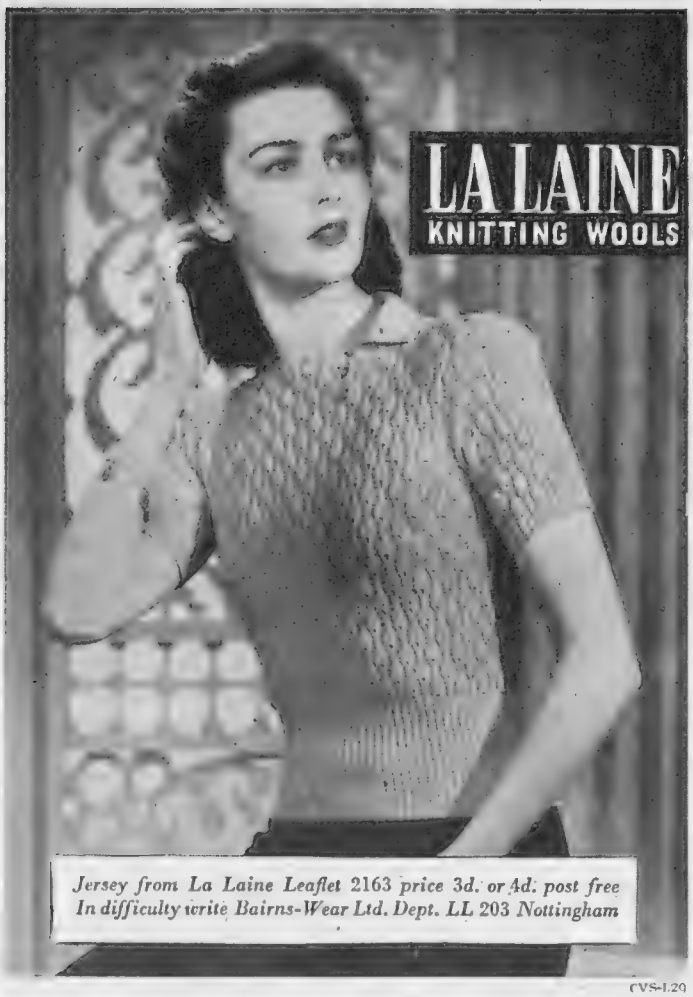
"You've been to the captain?"

"He says you are to carry on. Shipping Control signals, make all effort to save cargo but steam out of shipping lanes immediately. Signal if hopeless and we will sink. Do not abandon until clear of shipping."

"All right, get back to your radio. No Wait!"

He turned to old Angus. "Chief, put her off with the Navy and send the Old Man with her if you can persuade him to go. She'll need looking after."

Then he dashed to the bridge and when he got there he saw that the Old Man would never leave his ship again. That was why the radio officer had looked so pale and drawn. Well, she had guts, but she was best ashore now and that was the last he would probably see of her. He was too busy to think any more about her. He had a burning ship with two holds full of ammunition (*Continued on page 64*)



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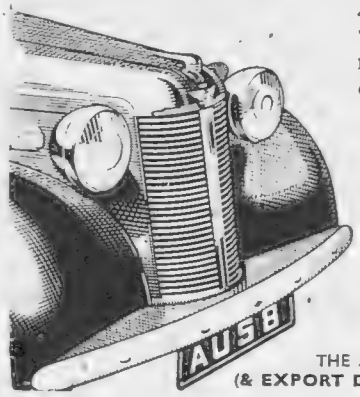

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and orders to get clear of the other ships without delay. He knew why. He had seen a ship in a convoy go up in one great mushroom of smoke and flame and, when that blew away, there was nothing left.

Automatically he tested the speaker tube to the radio cabin. Automatically came an answer and orders from Shipping Control giving a compass course which would take him the safest way through the shipping. Through the darkness there was a glare from another burning ship but the glare at his back was fiercer. The ship was picking up way but it was going to be a race. Messages came from the second mate, who was working with all hands on the hoses. Messages came from old Angus saying that the engine room would have to be abandoned, the forward plating was red hot. Mister Brady spoke down the speaking tube to the radio cabin.

"Tell Shipping Control fire out of control."

A message came back quickly. "Turn all hoses in ammunition hold. Prepare to abandon ship. Am coming to sink you. Hold on to last moment."

He gave sharp orders. Boats were swung out and Carley floats hung over the side ready to be cut loose. Then he pitted his judgment against the fire, the ammunition and the sea. The fierce glare around him only made the darkness more intense and confusing. Two moments were approaching, the moment he was hanging on for when the ship would be clear of other ships, and the other moment when the fire would get to the ammunition; neither moment was far off and he did not know which would win.

THEN suddenly he remembered who was taking his orders at the other end of the speaking tube and whose was the calm voice passing orders from Shipping Control. He spoke down again.

"I thought I ordered you to get away with the Naval boats."

"Sorry, sir, you gave that order to the Chief. Your last order to me was to keep to my own quarters and do my duty."

Something in her voice sent a sense of pride through him. She was a good sailor, like the Old Man, her father, who was lying dead behind him.

Sparks Was A Lady

He spoke into the tube again. "I'm sorry about your father."

There was a short silence and then her voice, hard as his could be. "Message from Shipping Control. All clear, destroyer coming up. Abandon ship immediately."

His order rang out and there was a swift action on the boats. The mate checked quickly, saw old Angus wiping sweat from his white head with cotton waste. "Where's Sparks?"

Then he was running along the deck. He burst through the door of the radio cabin. But Sparks had vanished, leaving only a girl without her double-breasted jacket and rakish cap. In a soiled shirt blouse open at the neck, she was leaning against her dials, her face hidden by the reddish hair that tumbled free and she was shaking with deep sobs.

The mate did not pause. He picked her up in his arms and ran to the boat. Then there was the swift fall and the release of the davits and the boat pulling away from the burning ship towards the searchlight of the destroyer, which a moment later was sending shells into the bow well ahead of the dangerous holds.

The mate felt two hands clutch at his jacket and realized he was sitting in the stern of the boat with his arms about the radio officer. He moved to make his position more correct.

"No, no," she whispered. "Hold me . . . my—my father is back there."

He looked down at her. She was staring back at the flaming ship that was slowly settling down in the water.

The mate felt there were things he could have said if he had been a speaking kind of man, but instead he stayed silent and the pressure of his arm reassured her.

"He was all I had . . . I am alone now."

Even then the mate felt there were no words he could speak. But sometimes, when at last all barriers are down between two people and they know one another for better or worse, fair weather or foul, there is no need for words. The pressure of an arm and the touch of a hand say more than any words can say.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

Has it occurred to you that nursery rhymes, fairy tales, pantomimes, and similar airy-fairy creations might be burlesqued in modern idiom to some purpose? Those feckless frolics, Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon, have done the job quite wittily in "Titania Has a Mother" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.)—so much so that I can see the book as an irresistible Disney-plus-Wizard of Oz kind of film with Beatrice Lillie as Titania's mother. The whole skit, in fact, simply *asks* to be read out by "Bee," and greater praise hath no burlesque. Avoid this, if you've a cracked lip.

Gipsy blood seems to be a growing ingredient for the successful romantic novel of Lady Eleanor Smith brand. Miss Norah Lofts's heroine Jacinth has it in "Jassy" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), the dramatic tale of a girl who, through love, became entoiled in a tragedy and was hanged early in the nineteenth century. The daughter of a scholarly lay preacher and half-gipsy woman, Jassy was small, ugly, hot-tempered, and endowed with second sight. Four people, including the youth she loved, tell her story from varied angles which make it psychologically interesting.

Mr. Rom Landau is impressed by the battle of good and evil in men. In "The Brother Vane" (Faber, 8s. 6d.) a scholar invents an imaginary twin brother to personify the sensual impulses in an otherwise high-minded nature, and resolves the conflict between the two tragically. Another of the seven stories shows a westerner reacting from so-called "civilization" after the last war, retiring to a Tunisian oasis, and turning Moslém—until the call of the old life is revived by a tourist who all but persuades him to return. These are episodic character studies more than stories in the literal sense; they have a serious literary quality and significant background.

Mr. Richard Fisher's "Broken Swords" (Selwyn & Blount, 9s. 6d.), which was serialized by the B.B.C., recounts the exploits of a modern Villon who converts a Paris underworld club into an underground weapon against the Germans. There is plenty of drama, some humour—at Nazi expense—and an intriguing peep into the genuine apache life of the sub-Seine cellars, which few visitors to Paris were privileged to know. It confirms my suspicion that Paris was getting all the thrills of resistance while London was dismally dodging the bombs.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers :—

"Dangerous Treasure," by Norman Dale (John Lane, 6s.). Peter and Ginger, two London evacuees, who in "Secret Service" helped the Navy to capture an escaped German prisoner, embark on another adventure, this time a hunt for treasure, with the aid of their dog, Buffalo, and their friend, Veronica.

"Stormy," by Dorothy Childs Hogner (Hutchinson, 6s.). An exciting tale of the first American Mustang.

"Love Go with You," by Dorothy Quentin (Ward Lock, 8s. 6d.). A love story, in which the love-making did not go too smoothly for Cherry Moyne, on board a boat in convoy during the long voyage home from New Zealand.

"Ursula Takes Over," by Denis Archer (Stanley Paul, 8s. 6d.). Laughter and tears, mystery and romance characterize this story of a London girl who takes on the job as housekeeper to a Scottish minister and his motherless children.

END

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Here's how you do it.

Take 2 dried eggs, reconstituted, and 1 rasher of bacon. Cut the bacon into pieces, fry, and when nearly done, pour on the reconstituted egg and cook until the egg is set. Turn out, fold over, and serve with fried bread or fried potatoes — or some bottled tomatoes if you have them. This is enough for two people.

What is the favourite British breakfast? Why, eggs and bacon, of course! Well, now that the allowance of dried eggs is two packets every four weeks for every grown-up (four for green-ration-book children) you can *still* have eggs and bacon for breakfast, but served in a new way.

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when you can't get Brand's Baby Foods

No. 1. CARROTS

1 Choose large but not coarse carrots, with a good deep colour. Cut in thick slices and simmer for 1 hour. Add only enough water to keep from sticking.

2 When finished cooking, drain and press through a fine sieve. The carrot purée should be very fine and free from any roughness.

3 Sieved vegetables, such as carrots and spinach, may be given to baby when he is five months old—a few teaspoonfuls before the two o'clock feed. At six months, the two o'clock feed can consist entirely of strained vegetables with milk to drink. Unfortunately, the demand for Brand's Baby Foods is greater than the supply. But when you can't get Brand's, you can prepare vegetables for your baby at home.

Cut out this recipe for future reference.

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L53J

Nature Did It First

(*Continued from page 20*)

the enormous leaves of the Victoria regia, a giant water plant which is so strong that one leaf will support a child, and had discovered the secret of the leaf's supporting power.

In his plan the gardener had simply copied in steel girders the arrangement of the ribs of the round lily pads and added the glass panes of his greenhouse. The gardener was Sir Joseph Paxton, and the building was the Crystal Palace.

The famous engineer, Brunel, has also recorded his indebtedness to Nature for pointing the way to the solution of a difficult problem. Speaking of the construction of the Thames Tunnel, Brunel said that the method adopted in its making was suggested to him by examining the burrows of the ship-worm. This lowly creature, when driving a shaft, lines the walls of its tunnel with a layer of shelly material.

It may be remembered that some years before the war Dr. William Beebe made zoological history by descending into the ocean depths and making a number of interesting observations from his bathysphere. Yet even he had been forestalled by the water spider which, by the use of guy ropes, plant stems and silk binding, spends a considerable time beneath the water in its home-made bathysphere.

Dr. Beebe commented on this spider: "So I, in my relatively crude bathysphere, sustaining life for a few hours only by most careful forethought and effort, must appear but a bungling amateur in comparison with the submarine mastery of the water spider."

Strange as it may sound, it is another spider, the hairy imperial of Australia, which was the original fly fisherman! This spider spins a filament, about one and a half inches long, and suspends it downwards. The end of the line consists of a globule of very viscid matter, a little larger than the head of a pin. The globule is extremely sticky, and large leaves can be suspended upon it by a mere touch.

When "angling," the spider holds the "line" with one of its front legs and when a moth "rises" the bait is whirled around. Attracted by some mysterious fascination, the moth approaches the whirling globule and is "hooked." The spider then hauls in its "line," kills the "catch" and sucks its juices at leisure.

Finally Nature offers a counterpart to nearly every tool which finds a place in the workshop. Beetles carry a pair of pincers about with them; every humble-bee owns a bottle-brush in the shape of its tongue; the boat-hook in miniature on a bee's leg is used to enable it to walk upside down on the undersides of leaves; the saw-fly uses a gimlet to bore holes in wood; some grasshoppers have ovipositors like a cobbler's awl; the fore-legs of a mantis constitute one of the most efficient pairs of nutcrackers in Nature and the foot of a spider has two perfect combs used in spinning its thread.

The jack-knife which the female mosquito carries about with her as her working tool kit provides an interesting parallel to the *multum in parvo* pocket-knife. It contains a sharp, long hypodermic needle, two small saws on long handles, a sword-shaped blade, two spare blades and a case for the whole outfit.

This sheath, which contains the kit, is really the mosquito's lower lip. It has two little hinged ends, which are delicate feelers, by means of which the insect is able to locate a soft place to start operations. After a hole has been sawed through the skin of the selected victim, some of the insect's own saliva is injected by the hypodermic syringe to prevent the blood from clotting. But these are some of Nature's parallels we could well do without!

END

U-neck Pullover

(*Continued from page 44*)

the cast on edge, casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 neck edge rows, then dec. 1 st. until 31 sts. remain.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row. Then dec. 1 st. in every row at the armhole edge until 15 sts. remain. Work 6 ins. on these 15 sts. Cast off. Return to the first 50 sts. and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles, cast on 56 sts. Work 2½ ins. rib. Change to No. 10 needles. Work in stocking stitch inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row following until 96 sts. Work without further shaping until 19 ins. from the cast on edge. Then cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 46 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK EDGING

With No. 10 needles, cast on 200 sts. Work 1 in. in rib. Change to No. 12 needles, work 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves, making pleats at the top of sleeve. Sew on neck edging. Work one row of double crochet round neck edging with a No. 8 crochet hook. Press all seams with a warm iron and damp cloth.

END

Two-Colour Jacket

(*Continued from page 44*)

edge. Then inc. 1 st. every 6th row of armhole edge only until 61 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row. Then dec. 1 st. at every row of armhole edge until 49 sts. remain. Work for 4½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Then work 2½ ins., at the same time dec. 1 st. every row at the neck edge, until 29 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Cast off 5 sts. Work another light green front to correspond. (*Note: pattern is reversible.*)

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and dark green wool, cast on 61 sts. Work 2 ins. pattern. Change to No. 9 needles and inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row following, until 97 sts. Work without further shaping until 18 ins. from the cast on edge. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 37 sts. remain. Cast off.

CUFFS

With No. 12 needles and dark green wool, cast on 14 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 7 ins. Cast off. Work another piece to correspond.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles and light green wool, cast on 14 sts. Rib 4 ins., k. 1, p. 1. Make a buttonhole. Rib 4, cast off 6, rib 4.

Next row.—Rib 4, cast on 6, rib 4. Rib for 19½ ins. from the beg. making 6 more buttonholes 2 ins. apart. Work another strip omitting buttonholes.

TIE

With No. 12 needles and light green wool, cast on 14 sts.

1st row.—Rib 2 turn. Rib back. **3rd row.**—Rib 4 turn. Rib back. **5th row.**—Rib 6 turn. Rib back. **7th row.**—Rib 8 turn. Rib back. **9th row.**—Rib 10 turn. Rib back. **11th row.**—Rib 12 turn. Rib back.

Now continue in rib for 42 ins., then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of the next and every alternate row following until all sts. are cast off.

NECK EDGING

With No. 12 needles and light green wool, cast on 8 sts. Rib 4½ ins., k. 1, p. 1. Change to dark green wool. Knit 1 row. Rib 4 ins., k. 1, p. 1. Change to light green wool. Knit 1 row. Rib 4½ ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves, making two pleats at the top of sleeve. Sew on front strips. Sew on neck edging, sewing the light green pieces to the fronts and the dark green piece to the back of neck. Sew on cuffs and turn back. Make two loops for belt at the side of jacket. Sew on buttons.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; dec. = decrease or decreasing; inc. = increase or increasing.

END

Unwelcome Interlopers

(*Continued from page 29*)

minimum and it goes wherever it will, practically unhindered. To my mind it has been one of the saddest aspects of recent years to observe the disappearance of our lovely red squirrel from those districts where once it lived and roamed quite happily—without molesting a single neighbour. Now, in these very same areas, the grey squirrel exists and continues to multiply without any sign of a revival of the red squirrel population. The red squirrel is, of course, the smaller and the weaker of the two and only possesses the same agility.

Therefore, the time has come—or so I think—for us to decide which of the two we intend to retain; and, in future, would it not be more to the credit of nature lovers to devote their enthusiasm to the preservation and protection of our native species, rather than introduce new ones with such unhappy results?

END

Answer to a Home Problem

(*Continued from page 42*)

an ideal career for those who have a vocational feeling for this type of work, but also invaluable experience for the future.

Some of our girls are temperamentally unsuited to Service life or to industrial work; many are not mathematically or mechanically minded enough to make a success of certain specialized jobs but have, instead, a natural "bent" towards home-making. For these girls, the profession of nursery nurse is particularly desirable—and not only suitable and satisfying in itself but a sure means of earning a livelihood in the future. Young girls between the ages of sixteen and eighteen are particularly wanted for training and can get advice from their local Labour Exchanges; they are placed as students in nursery training schools approved by the National Society. Those who are younger or older are also accepted under certain circumstances; full information can, of course, be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, National Society of Children's Nurseries, 117 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Training lasts from eighteen months to two years and includes practical work and lectures on such subjects as nutrition, physiology and anatomy and physical care of children in sickness and in health.

(The photographs which accompany this article are reproduced by courtesy of the Exhibition Committee of The National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare.)

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page 43*)

treatment, which is excellent for toning up the system as it acts in the same way as natural sunlight. The radiant heat bath is also given. This is a new form of radiant heat treatment, which also includes the red rays. These are used extensively in the treatment of gout, rheumatism, arthritis, neuritis and lumbago, but for this type of treatment, as well as for the internal irrigations which are given, patients must of course be recommended by their doctors. The prices charged are from 10s. 6d. to 21s. a treatment.

END

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There are many men and women in the Services who would welcome a chance of reading this publication. If you would hand it in, unwrapped, unstamped and unaddressed at any Post Office, it will go to them

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Lightness and digestibility can be attained in puddings, cakes and pastry by varying the amount of "raising" for different recipes. That is where you score by using Borwick's with plain flour, because you can use the exact amount required for perfect results.

BORWICK'S FRUIT PUDDING

8 ozs. plain flour; 4 ozs. margarine or shredded suet; 2 ozs. sugar; 3 ozs. currants or sultanas; little water to mix; 2 heaped teaspoons Borwick's.

Sift together flour, salt and Borwick's. Add fat, sugar and fruit. Bind to a stiff dough with water. Boil or steam 2 hours in a greased basin. Serve with white sauce or custard.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The Best in the World

10

Even Nelson Was Seasick (*Continued from page 32*)

aid. But even he seemed to have stopped the whole contents of a machine gun. Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander Todd Billing was still standing upright, in spite of one shattered ankle and two badly burned hands—but the services he could give were needed elsewhere. There were several lieutenants, it was true, but they were all subs. . . . He was the one full-blown lieutenant left in action—however deflated he might feel privately.

The floating island was in such a state that the conventional elements of discipline had to be shelved. The leading able and ordinary seamen and the boys, the wiremen, signalmen and mechanicians, the dozen trades in this community, kept up an admirable façade. In spite of this, every one knew that it was only a façade, supported by a frail hulk without lifeboats. The captain by proxy felt thankful that there were no lifeboats, for he did not want the responsibility of giving orders to abandon ship.

More than half the crew could not abandon ship anyway. Even when the sea took on a calm, such as reigned at the moment, it gave off a chill that was like a terrible aroma.

Here they were, beetling in the right direction (more or less) and here they must stay.

He was entirely cool. Except for an occasional heave in the pit of his stomach, and an answering contraction of the throat, he had a limitless fortitude. If the ship had settled in the waters, he would have been undisturbed. So great was the remote sense of unreality that he searched through his pockets until he found the little box which he had acquired just before leaving port. He had meant to stow it in some safe cache on shore, but there had been no time at the last minute. . . . It was surprising to discover that this relic from another life still existed. Opening it, he inspected the modest engagement ring within, and wondered if his girl would like it—if she ever got it. He put it back, and opened his gun-metal cigarette case, so that he might see her photograph, the one she had taken for him during the leave before last.

Detachedly, he noticed that she was extraordinarily like her father, whom he had heard preach from the port pulpit very often indeed. Father and daughter shared a charming, reassuring, placid smile. Even on seeing the sepia reproduction, he smiled back to it, and looked into its clear eyes as if they could see him. As if they could see him—pale under the tan and grime, unkempt and shining with perspiration in spite of the cold. Quickly, he put away the case. Alice, dear Alice. . . .

Towards morning, the fog cleared, and a late dawn broke grimly.

Borland made a point of speaking cheerfully to the few men who came his way, and he found the job a heavy one, being no small-talker by nature.

The leading seaman, whose name he now remembered to be Tom Simon, was invaluable. The very quality which made his mates call him Simple Simon had become an asset: his reports were elementary and accurate, he was easy-going, and he had a childish trust in superior officers which came as a great blessing at this hour.

To relieve the young steward, who had to help in the sick bay, Simon brought breakfast to Borland—whose cabin he had pumped out and tidied.

Borland's gaze flickered over the addled plateful on the tray uneasily. It looked like a tropical disease.

"Take it away—there's a good chap."

"Oh, you an't off again?" queried Simon, reproachfully. "There's only a swell now, sort of."

The reply to this never came, for alarum signals rang through the ship. As he jumped to it, Borland reflected ironically that these switches were among the few gadgets left working on an almost defenceless hulk.

Bursting out into the white-blue day, he saw two black specks in the far distance. He wondered if they were Allied planes. It was not a hope—merely a speculation. The more usual emotions had receded from him long, long ago—during the great sickness. It would be a quick end if the newcomers were foes and a quick rescue if they were friends. For himself he wanted nothing but sleep. The vaguely worried feeling that the *Skylion* was not really prepared for an unkind visit did not disturb him deeply.

But however much recent experiences had deadened his imagination, the senses were sound.

At his orders, the gun crews stood by any weapons that still looked like guns, and the torpedo boys were advised to be ready. Borland had not heard himself singing out for some time, and his own voices—the loud and medium-loud used for orders—sounded rusty in his ears. His quiescent nervous state allowed him to keep binoculars trained unfalteringly on the growing specks. Casually and skilfully he kept the lenses fixed on the planes until, in a flash, they were Junkers.

The gun crews opened out recklessly. Black puff clouds peppered the sky round the invaders, which came on unscathed. They bore down on the floundering vessel, the first peeling away and dropping a bomb which deluged the decks with foam.

Borland moved towards one of the smaller guns which the boys had tried to repair. The plane had flown in a circle, and was coming again, while its companion lingered at a little distance.

As he brought the barrels to bear on the swooping shape, it occurred to Borland that the enemy might be short of ammunition. They could be returning from an expedition to a Norwegian base. There was a chance. . . . His limbs were rigid, yet he could not work up the sharp tensity of battle, and he had a gnawing certainty that the metal under his damp hands was useless. Odds against the cripple were too great.

Surprisingly, the barrels spurted flame, just as if the gun had come straight from the factory test. This reaction stirred him. The screech of the oncoming engine rose to a crescendo as it passed overhead, leaving a second bomb in much the same place.

The *Skylion* shivered, and there was the ominous rattle of falling iron.

"Might as well be a clay pigeon," muttered someone. "Keep down, sir. Here comes the other one!"

Bullets spat past Borland's head, but both planes had veered away, the light glinting on their wings as they turned. A gun in some off part of the ship was still active.

A dull pain in the forearm made Borland pause to tighten his sleeve with a handkerchief. This was not the end of the raiders. They would signal to a U-boat pack, and the old ship would do some diving herself. Turning to Simon, Borland made the light remark which comes naturally to the warrior on water after a brief action:—

"It's not so cold to-day. A bandage, please, and one coffee."

No sooner was Simon gone than the first periscope broke the surface.

That it should rise at such close quarters and with apparent negligence was extraordinary. There could be only one explanation for it, but Borland's eyes failed him. He heard himself saying:—

"It must be! It's all right!"

A British ship surfaced, and some rather unseamanlike messages were exchanged. The submarine sent politer signals to Britain, however, and before long the *Skylion* was being towed and escorted, like a dissipated old lady of good family who has had too much to drink at Christmas.

And so, the ship came home at last, wallowing over the pale dark sea of early morning, and the bleak little harbour at Cranballoch held out welcoming stone arms to the voyager.

As the *Skylion* slid precariously into the first shelter that she had known for a week, Borland snapped back to reality with a startled exclamation. He had been existing in a dream which ended here—at the mouth of Cranballoch Harbour. It was apparently lifeless and lightless, but it led on to the world of men. He could see the inn on the waterfront where he had spent comfortable if not exactly convivial hours, for the Cranballoch native is ferociously reserved. He could see the post office and the general store. . . . Many a letter and many a gift had he sent forth from these sources, sometimes to his sisters, and sometimes not. He looked for the church spire. In this fraction of a moment between one urgent stretch of activity and another, he noted that it was gone.

Without much help from others, the *Skylion* was secured safely, and the voyage ended. Borland, back in the new reality, realized that reports must be made, casualties removed and decks cleared. He was thankful that the jobs were not his: excessive fatigue had followed in the wake of his illness. There were footsteps and voices about him, but they grew confused in his ears, which continued to pick up the cough and splutter of the machinery long after it had been stopped—to the chief's profound relief. He clung to the wet metal of the very stanchion which had helped him to rise before. There were few other uprights left. The stagnant-looking harbour water appeared to be level with the lower decks. Here he was on the top of a pile of old iron, and he had not held down a decent meal for——

Veering away from the thought of food, he kept it at bay by an immense determination. He knew that, if he relaxed this mental vigil, he would be hanging over the side like a dishcloth, his hair trailing in the sea. This was disgrace.

NOT long afterwards, he found that he had taken a jaundiced view of the case. The decoration he received exceeded all expectations—even those of his faithful Alice. And on his return to Cranballoch, he was hailed as a hero by various unexpected persons, including the Rev. Jocky himself. Although Jocky had always approved of his future son-in-law, his views had been pacifist to an almost violent degree. Now, one Nazi bomb on his church had shattered more than the building. He treated Borland to some excellent sherry, and quoted some extremely ferocious texts from the Old Testament.

The only one who gave the conqueror an uncomfortable moment was loving Alice herself, who flung her arms round his neck exclaiming:—

"Darling—I shall never never be really worthy of you! I shall never forget that you are the soul of courage!"

"I'm not so brave as all that," protested Borland miserably. "I'm a bit of a coward, you know. It was like this, you see . . ."

He trailed off miserably, for she would never see. In the happy years that they would spend together, he would depend on her understanding for a thousand things—and he would not be disappointed—but he could never manage to explain this. What could she know of romantic daring mingled with despair, of valour arising from resignation, indigestion and discipline?

"But I did have a little share in it," she was saying, "for you did wear the anti-malady pads, didn't you? And without them, you would have been seasick, and quite helpless, wouldn't you?"

He kissed the innocent brow.

"Yes, my darling," he said.

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